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LOVE WITHOUT WORDS

(A Ballad)

For John, a faithful husband,
And Mary, his loving wife,
A dozen years had vanished
In happy wedded life.

Now John was a wordless lover
And Mary a bashful dove,
Yet each one wondered often
How strong was the other's love.

To Mary and John were given
Of children a wondrous pair,
Laddie, at nine, the handsome,
Betty, at six, the fair.

One night in the dusk's warm quiet
A dozen children played
Where John and Mary, listening,
Unseen in the shadows stayed.

They fell into childhood's boasting
Of things that they held most dear,
And Betty's voice was the loudest
As Mary and John could hear:

"My mother is a lady
(My father this has told)
So fair, so good, so lovely,
She'll never grow old."

Then Laddie spoke up quickly
To stay all lingering doubt
That Betty's words were truthful
And added with a shout:

"My father (by my mother
I often have been told)
Is strong and brave and faithful —
He's truer than gold."

The voices seemed to vanish
From John's and Mary's ears,
Their silence seemed to deepen —
New silence — of tears.

But John's hand touching Mary's
Said: "I'm glad that you know."
And Mary's answering pressure
Said: "Twill always be so."

— D. F. Miller.

FATHER TIM CASEY

UNANSWERED PRAYERS

C. D. McENNIRY

"IT IS enough to make me lose my faith!" Nobody would have expected such an outburst from a nice Catholic girl like Fanny Blessig. But we have had a torrid July and August, and so maybe it was the heat.

Father Casey heard the remark. Indeed the young lady, in her rebellious mood, directly intended that he should. "I wonder, Fanny," he was not nearly so badly shocked as she had anticipated, "I wonder would it be any great loss."

"What! Father Casey! How can you say that!"

"Can he say what?" "What did he say, Fanny?" "What was it he said?" St. Mary's Club suddenly pricked up its ears.

"I said I had been praying and praying and making novenas and burning candles and everything and it was all no use. I simply could not get a job. I said it was enough to make me lose my faith. And he said it would be no great loss."

"For the same reason," the priest observed imperturbably, "that it would be no great loss to mislay a hundred thousand dollar bill — if the bill were counterfeit. Faith, you know, like money, may be genuine or counterfeit. Genuine faith consists in believing all that God has revealed."

"And Fanny's faith, Father?"

"Seems to consist in believing that God is a sort of storehouse boss who exists for no other purpose than to hand you out a job or a fur muff or a charming boy friend any time you deign to aim a novena or a burning candle at him."

"But, Father," urged Gabriella Flanders, "we can do that. We can pray for a boy friend or — or — anything else, provided we add 'if it is God's holy will.'"

"Did Fanny pray with that condition? Since she raised such a howl as soon as she saw it was not God's holy will?"

"Is that the reason, Father, why God did not hear her prayer and give her a job?"

"Maybe," the priest cautioned, "you are going too fast. The first

thing is to make sure that Fanny really said a prayer. After that we may reverently examine whether God heard it, and if not, why not."

"But she did say a prayer. She just told us she did."

"Even the best people (among whom we must always include Fanny Blessig) tell lots of things to their friends — and to themselves — that aren't so. Fanny told us and told herself that she said a prayer. Fanny, what is prayer?"

"Prayer is the raising of our mind and heart to God to adore Him, to —"

"No, no, I do not want a parrot definition. I want you to tell us what prayer means to *you*. You said you had been praying and praying. What are we to understand by that?"

"I had been *praying* — saying *Our Father's* and *Hail Mary's* and *Glory be's* and *Memorare's* and — and everything."

"Why?"

"I told you: to get a job."

"Now we have your idea of prayer. It consists in repeating certain words or sentences in order to get a job — pretty much the same as looking over your left shoulder and saying 'New moon, new moon, I hail thee, etc,' in order to see in a dream your future husband."

"**F**ATHER CASEY!" Richard Ranaghan's serious voice and puckered brows indicated that he had struck a mental snag and needed help.

"Well, Dick, out with it."

"There is something wrong with that picture. You make Fanny Blessig's prayer look phoney. But *isn't* that the way we pray? To expect anything from the new moon is just plain goofy. The moon cannot give us a revelation. But with God it is different. God *can* give us a job. And He said if we have enough confidence in Him He will even work miracles for us — move mountains."

"If you can go over the mountain instead of moving it, or if your gang can turn out and move it with picks and shovels, there is no need for God to move it by a miracle. God does not perform miracles uselessly."

"He said: whatsoever you ask, I will give it to you," said Ranaghan.

The priest corrected: "He said, whatsoever you ask *in my name* I will give it to you."

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"When do we ask in His name?"

"Whenever we ask for anything that is necessary or useful for our salvation or sanctification."

"Is that the only thing we are allowed to pray for?"

"That is the only thing that God promised to give us when we pray."

"But we *can* pray for other things, too, can we not?"

"Yes, provided they are not bad."

"And will God give them to us?"

"He may — just to reward the loving simplicity and childlike confidence with which we ask. Or He may not, because they are not good for us, or because they are not in conformity with His divine plan."

"Then why Father, did you squash poor Fanny when she said she had been praying and praying for a job?"

"Because it looked as though, despite all the *Our Fathers'* and *Hail Marys'* she said, she had been not praying at all."

"When do we really pray?"

"His disciples once asked Christ that self-same question. Do you remember His answer?"

Ranaghan thought for a moment. "Oh, yes, now I ——"

But glib Gabby beat him to it: "When you pray," she quoted, "pray thus: *Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen.*"

"But when our Fanny Blessig and ten thousand other Fanny Blessigs pray, they," said Father Casey, "pray thus: Our Father, who art supposed to be always on the lookout in heaven or somewhere ready to hand me whatever I call for, listen, this is what I want: I want my own little kingdom here with everybody kowtowing to me; I want my name to be honored; I want my will to be done by Thee and everybody else. Give me not only bread, but pie and ice cream and a fat checking account in the bank so I shan't have to bother asking Thee day after day. Oh, yes, forgive all my sins. Maybe I am not so very sorry for them; then too there are some people whom I do not exactly forgive — they are just too hateful. But forgive me anyway, because I do not want to go to hell or purgatory or anything. Lead me not into temptation, but don't mind if I go occasionally myself without being led. Deliver

me from bad luck. That's what I want, and if Thou are not prompt in giving it, I'll lose my faith. Amen."

"Shame on you Fanny," mocked Ranaghan, "is that the way you pray?"

"No stones, big boy, unless you want your own glasses shattered. Do you pray any differently yourself?"

"Oh, why bring that up?" he moaned.

"PRAYER is a supernatural act," the priest explained. "This is something we should never forget. To our shame we often do forget it, and treat prayer as though it were just one of the natural ways of supplying our natural wants. Prayer is a supernatural act wherein I am granted an audience with God. If I have faith — if I know who God is and who I am — what do I do during the audience? Why naturally, I do the one thing that is worth doing, I lovingly implore Him, my all-powerful Creator and Heavenly Father. I protest that I desire to see His name hallowed, His kingdom triumphant, His will accomplished. And conscious that my sinfulness makes me unworthy of an audience with the All-pure, All-holy God, I beg Him to forgive me and to keep me from temptation and evil. And I show my confidence and dependence on Him by asking each day for the needs of each day, knowing He will do what is best about it, He is so loving and condescending. There is prayer just as Christ described it when the disciples said: Lord, teach us how to pray."

"I see," said Ranaghan, "that the proportion devoted to our natural needs is very small in comparison with that devoted to honoring God and begging Him to make us fit to appear before Him. But when *we* pray, we do just the opposite."

"That is why your prayer can hardly be called prayer at all. And you wait to high heaven if God does not hear it."

"Then Father," Gabriella Flanders objected, "you would say the holy nuns do not know how to pray. They — the Little Sisters of the Poor, for example, have recourse to God in all their merely material wants."

"Those self-forgetting souls, who sacrifice every moment of their lives to the trying work of caring for Christ's aged poor, have *no* merely material wants; they have only supernatural wants; that is, whatever they ask for, whether it is the grace of a more fervent meditation or a

bag of tobacco for the old men or a cure for Dobbin's lameness that draws the well-known black buggy, whatever they ask for, they ask for through supernatural motives. Being always in His presence, always laboring for His sake, naturally they take to Him whatever engages their attention for the moment, whether the thing is natural or supernatural. And even at that, since they are continuously glorifying God, the proportion of their prayer given to asking for pressing material needs is small indeed compared with that given exclusively to adoring and loving Him."

add points from "What to pray for."

JUST when the good priest thought he had satisfied all the doubts and difficulties on prayer that the Club could muster, Delizia Hogan came at him from a new angle. "Father Casey, it is this atrocious war that puts a strain on *my* faith."

"Why are you so wrought up about the war?"

"On account of the suffering of my fellowmen."

"Is it on account of the suffering of your fellowmen, or mere sentimentality? If it is the former, why don't you pity and relieve old Bud Kakin? It is in your power to do so, for his filthy hovel is not a block from your house. He is your fellowman, and he is suffering."

"Oh, that old sot. Serves him right. He brought it on himself by his drinking."

"And this war? Didn't we all bring it on ourselves? Our selfish policies, aims and practices — weren't they bound to end in fratricidal war? And take care, Delizia, you are aspiring high when you undertake to judge which of your fellowmen deserves pity and help and which deserves only a serves-him-right."

"But, Father, what about all the prayers? The war keeps on increasing in brutality and fury even though the Pope and the little children and millions and millions of earnest Christians have been praying so hard for peace ever since the outbreak of hostilities and even for several years before."

"What do you want God to do in answer to those prayers?"

"Stop the war."

"How? By making Germany crush England?"

"Oh, no, Father."

"By making England crush Germany?"

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"I—I hardly think so. There are many, many good people who would not want that to happen either."

"Well, what *do* you want?"

"A fair compromise—fair to both sides."

"No compromise is possible that both sides would consider fair—until they change their selfish will. It is by their own free will they are carrying on this war. It is by their own free will they led the selfish lives and pursued the selfish aims that led to this war. To desire a true peace they must have a change of will. God respects their free will. He offers them graces but He does not force them. The more we pray, the stronger the graces He will offer them. Therefore we must increase our prayers and our penances. The few prayers we have already offered are not sufficient to bring about a change in those wills that have gone on hardening in selfishness for half a century. See how much prayer it takes to change my own faulty will; I must work at it all my life. Then how much prayer will it take to change the will of warlike millions."

"But God *must* hear us when we pray for peace, for surely this is *asking in His name*."

"Why?"

"Because the war causes so many souls to be lost."

"More than if there had been no war?"

"Oh, surely!"

"That is something neither you nor I can know. Therefore we must not begin dictating to God. It is true that religious and moral conditions often seem to be made much worse by war. But on the other hand what were the conditions before the present war? Almost universal forgetfulness or rejection of God and the rights of God. Had that state of affairs continued for a few generations would there have been any faith or supernatural charity left in the world? On the day of judgment you and your children and your children's children may see that it was only by the scourge of war that you were checked in your course along the broad and easy road that leads to hell. And so pray, pray hard, for a just peace. But pray especially that our will be chastened so that we may accept and respect a just peace. Then humbly abide God's good time," said Father Casey.

ON WOMEN'S HATS

If anyone has better explanations for the various types of hats discussed in this article, we bow reverently to his judgment.

E. F. MILLER

THERE is nothing quite so intriguing as a woman's hat. Men have been known to stand and stare with bulging eyes at such an object as though a vision or a nightmare had just been granted them in broad daylight. And long debates and arguments have been held behind closed doors as to the significance and meaning of certain headpieces that were seen in window displays and on human heads in the course of a stroll around the neighborhood. It would seem that the hat has won over the head these times; that it is of more interest at least as a topic of discussion to determine what a woman is wearing *on* her head than what a woman is holding *in* her head. This is a victory for hat-makers that folks of a hundred years ago could hardly have envisioned.

The intriguing quality of women's hats is not fully understood, however, until one goes into the subject deeply and reads up on the authorities. When the authorities pontificate, all reasonable procedure is abandoned and a kind of code is assumed whereby the latest head-gear is mysteriously identified and tabulated as though it were an army airplane and could not be called anything except a sinister B16XU or a baffling T930R. From the current literature at hand it is made apparent that a woman could make no greater error than that of going into a store and saying simply, "I'd like to look at hats." It is hard to say what would happen in response to such a statement. But if she said, "What have you in berets?" the whole department would be hers.

To a man this is most fascinating because it is so contrary to his own little way of supplying the head with the neccessaries. When he goes into a place to buy a hat, he generally takes the first one that is offered him; sometimes he finds out later on that it does not fit. But that makes no difference; paper in the inner band will fix it. Most of the time his new hat will be the same kind of hat as last year's, only newer. And it will go by the simple name of hat. But not so with women. And the papers prove our statement.

Take for example the innocent comment culled from one of the

dailies just the other week: "The cloche is back, so is wimple drapery, but pompadour and profile hats reveal hair." The only way a man could come to a conclusion that that sentence is about hats is by re-reading the third last word. There the word "hats" is mentioned. The cloche is back, which would lead us to believe that once upon a time it was quite common. But that doesn't help us much for the simple reason that we do not know what a cloche is, and never did. And wimple drapery? No bells at all.

LET it be understood at once that we do not look upon the code method of designating hats as entirely irrational. There should be a close connection between the name of a thing and the thing itself. In this case the connection is mystery. Just as it is impossible to determine what the actual article is that adorns a casual woman's head, so it should be impossible to pronounce or know the meaning of the title which is attached to the article. The hat people have succeeded admirably in putting a tricky principle into practice. The names cloche and wimple drapery mean nothing to the ordinary man. And it is a safe bet to make that a cloche in real life or a wimple drapery on the street means even less.

In one sense it is fortunate that males are not so burdened. Suppose a man were to say to you when you called on him to go on a fishing trip, "Just a minute, please; I have to go upstairs and get my wimple drapery." When he came down you would expect to see in his hands a new kind of tackle or a fly just perfected by an expert. And if you asked him to show you his wimple drapery, and he pointed to his hat, you would undoubtedly look at him oddly and wonder whether or not it would be safe to go with him on a large lake in an open boat. Men are blessed in the possession of a simple terminology in regard to those things they put on their heads.

When the commentator speaks of a pompadour hat we are on more solid ground. We know what a pompadour is, namely, a kind of hair arrangement in which the hair is combed straight back without a part in the center or on the side. As boys we used to get a pompadour for ourselves in the swimming pool by hanging onto the wall and by dipping our heads backwards into the water. On emerging we would have a hair arrangement that everybody would consider the last word in manly toughness. It was thought "big" in those days to wear a

pompadour. To preserve the sign of our bigness, we would put on a skull cap after we had dressed and then be on our way ready for anything that we might meet. A skull cap was a tiny bit of felt calculated to keep things in order.

It does not seem probable that this is what the authority means by a feminine pompadour hat. While we would not put it past women to begin wearing skull caps as we used to in our boyhood days, still the very tone of the news item of which we are speaking precludes the possibility that anything so trivial was meant. Most likely a pompadour hat is one that represents or looks like a pompadour: an enlarged wig in the shape of a hat and made to go straight back; or a piece of cloth that goes back and down from the forehead without flow either to the right or left. And that is as far as we dare go until we see such a hat *in actu*.

ON READING down the page a little further (the page on which the authority is commenting on hats) we note these words: "Hats cover up ears and necks again." We were not aware that hats had ever covered ears and necks except in the desert where, according to the pictures we have seen, travelers wore a kind of towel over their heads with the evident purpose of keeping out the sand that might at any minute begin blowing. We never really looked on these things as hats; but perhaps the authority did and does and is referring to just that idea. It is surprising sometimes to find out how wide is the information of our modern journalists.

There is much to be said in favor of a hat that covers up the neck and ears. It is quite commonly admitted that the world's most beautiful object is its womanhood. There is something about womanhood that reflects the splendor of the stars and the grandeur of the rose just blossoming in the garden. There is something in womanhood that raises man to higher and better levels than those on which he stood as just a man. Women have made saints of sinners, and have propelled mediocrity to the heights of genius. That is why men remove their own hats in elevators when women are present, and stand at attention when women enter a room. It is women's due as the masterpieces of creation.

But in spite of all this the womanhood of the world is not perfect. There is the matter of necks and ears blatantly mentioned in a newspaper. Who should know better than the stylists and fashion makers?

Some ears are too big while others are too small. Some necks are too long while other necks are too short. Would that these defects might be hidden from the eyes of man and child. But how can so herculean a task be accomplished?

Lo! Along comes a hat that covers both neck and ears. The problem is not settled by a scarf and muffs. Neither need plastic surgery be resorted to. The remedy lies in the simple expedient of a hat. No longer shall we hear complaints from the ill-gifted in the matter of neck and ears; no longer will there be vain struttings on the part of those who are blessed in this regard. All women will henceforth start from the same line, and that due to the kind services of so simple a thing as a hat.

WE CONFESS, however, that though we are glad to see that the imperfections of womanhood have been removed, we are a bit in the dark as to how hats are going to bring this about. How can a hat cover, say, a neck? It is assumed that the towels of the desert people are not to be brought back, at least not in their primitive meanness. Hats may be strange and fantastic, but not as strange and fantastic as that. And we cannot imagine even the most careless of women draping a towel around their heads when they put on their Sunday dress to go calling.

One phase of the difficulty is removed when we eliminate the front of the neck. If the front were to be the part covered, the wearer would have to effect a kind of mask with holes cut out in the proper places for breathing and seeing. It is hard to see how otherwise the front of the neck could be covered by a hat. This seems impracticable, so we drop it as not being meant. The back of the neck, then, it must be. But even here not all is clear. Just what kind of a covering would that be which would go all the way down to the first vertebra at the top of the spinal cord? Possibly a close fitting helmet affair like that of the old Roman soldiers which apparatus we see in museums and history books. Possibly a veil. But a helmet is not a hat; neither is a veil. And we find ourselves back where we started. The only method of ascertaining just how this is to be done is to keep the eyes open when city streets are being traversed. Most likely the neck-covering hat will pop up at every corner.

Our second doubt is one that concerns the general purpose of hats. We refer naturally to women's hats. It was always our impression that

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hats were given to man in the beginning and were kept through the ages for the purpose of covering the head against the raw winds of winter and the burning sun of summer. Mothers were always wont, at least in the past, to ask their children when the same children were leaving the house whether or not they had their hats with them. If they had forgotten they were reminded with a slap to go to the closet and get the head stuff at once. There have been cases where mothers were negligent in this regard with the result that children came home from the park with nasty head colds and ugly sniffles. However, it was not forbidden to wear a bit of ribbon on the hat or a feather stuck in it some place; but the main purpose of the hat *in genere* was to protect a delicate organ from the elements. Everything else, feathers included, was secondary.

ALL THAT seems to be changed now, at least in regard to women's hats. Not only does what we have already commented on prove this, but what we see on women's heads every day. Most of the modern hats would not prevent the weather from getting even as far as the hair, not to say anything about the scalp. Some hats cover only a corner of the head; others are large and floppy, but they stand on the very peak of the head like a golf ball on a tee. Some hats are so small that they would not fit a child of two. Yet we see women of fifty wearing them as though nothing were wrong. Some hats have no shape to them; and substance not at all. Yet they are all that can be bought in stores downtown.

It may be that along the way someplace someone has discovered another defect in womanhood. Without a hat to top her off a woman is unfinished like a building without a roof. And just as certain types of buildings demand certain types of roofs to complement them, so do women demand certain types of hats to complement them. It all comes back to the pressure of modern living. The constant rush of our century and the fierce struggle for survival that goes on even in the home has drained the modern woman of her attractiveness and dulled the polish of her beauty. She has shrunk to a point far below her normal stature. Something is needed to give her size again, and to make up for her loss. That something is a hat which as a crown makes of her a queen once more. The more bizarre the hat the more is she a queen.

Or it may be that women have not lost their beauty at all; rather

that they have acquired so much beauty that it is hard to tell it apart in individual cases. The reasoning very easily can be that beauty has therefore become cheap and hardly worthy of a second glance. To overcome this danger weird and fantastic hats have been invented. Eyes will fall upon a hat if it is odd enough. But hats cannot be investigated without that which is under the hat being seen too. Thus beauty comes into its own again through the device of the hat.

BE ALL that as it may, a clear and satisfactory settlement of the women's hat question is still in the offing. A proper concluding remark might be that men, after all, are the luckier of the sexes. So far the problem hasn't touched them at all.

Contradictions

On the road between Los Angeles and San Diego there is a beach on the ocean front called Capistrano beach. Two oddities are connected with this beach. First, that it should be called Capistrano beach. Capistrano is undoubtedly an abbreviation of St. John Capistrano. It is difficult to imagine a canonized saint having anything at all to do with a modern beach except to preach against the abuses in dress, etc., that are so prevalent at such a place. Thus the owner of this watering place has taken a bit of liberty with a gentleman in using his name so freely when the gentleman and his name would prefer to be far away. Secondly, that only the second part of the name should be used. Respect demands that when we speak of a canonized saint we give him full title, e.g. St. John Capistrano. Again the owner of the watering place has taken liberties not at all warranted. As one would speak of Jones the clothier and Smith the popcorn man, so he speaks of Capistrano the saint. It sounds as though he is on quite familiar terms with the heavenly guard. Maybe he is.

Ownership and Use

An Irishman and a Methodist lady were riding side by side on a train. The train flew through a small town; alongside the tracks there was a church; above the church there was a cross. Said the Methodist lady: "You cannot claim the cross for yourselves alone; it is ours too." Answered the Irishman: "Right you are, madam. It belongs to both of us. The only difference between us is — we use it, and you do not."

On Wages

The question of wages is one that offers a perfect illustration of the two philosophies that are at odds in the economic world, the one neglecting both the common good and the welfare of individuals, and the other designed to promote them until justice reigns for all.

1. The False Philosophy of wages:

Up to the time when Pope Leo XIII wrote his encyclical on the *Condition of Labor*, the prevailing opinion among employers, legislators, and economists was that the wage-contract came under no other regulative principle than supply and demand and the law of free competition. This exemplified itself practically in three ways:

a) If an industrialist had little competition to meet in his line of goods and a great demand for his products so that he could charge high prices, then he assumed the right to pay high wages. If competition made him cut his prices, or the demand for his goods died down, then he took the right to lower wages at will.

b) If there was an oversupply of workers and much demand for jobs, the employer could pay very low wages. If laborers were scarce and he needed them badly, he could compete for them with other employers by offering high wages. In short, the wages of the laborer depended on the supply of laborers on the market.

c) In both the above cases there was no minimum below which wages might not descend. If 100 men wanted the same job, the employer could ask them to bid against one another for it, and the lowest bidder, even if he offered to work for three dollars a week, got the job. This was called the "right of free contract."

2. The True Philosophy of wages:

Pope Leo rejected the above philosophy of wages as incomplete and misleading. He enunciated the true philosophy of wages as follows:

a) "To labor" is to exert oneself for the sake of procuring what is necessary for the various purposes of life which constitute self-preservation. Labor has two attributes: 1) it is personal, something that belongs to the laborer and of which he can dispose. If it were only personal, he could dispose of his labor at as low a price as he wished. But 2) it is also *necessary*, because his self-preservation depends on his labor. Hence, says the Pope, there is a limit below which wages may not fall without injustice. and that is constituted by what a man needs to live as a man.

b) The minimum wage that can be paid in justice is called "a living wage." This means an *annual* living wage, i.e., a wage that takes into account the possibility of lay-offs for many weeks in the year; and it means a *family* wage, i.e., enough for a family to live on in reasonable comfort and security, because every man has a natural right to a family. If a man contracts for less than a living wage because of fear of want, force, etc., then the contract is invalid.

PREFACE TO COMPANY KEEPING

From one who has seen thousands come and thousands go down the rose-strewn road, these words are directed to "youth in love."

M. H. PATHE

COMPANY keeping is a proper and necessary preparation for marriage. If a young woman is to know whether there is anything substantial back of the smooth speech of this young man — or if the well groomed external appearance betokens interior worth — or if this be the type of man she desires as the father of her children she must keep company with him for some time. Likewise — if a young man wishes to learn something of the character of the woman he has grown to love — if her heart is as true as her face is beautiful — if her moral principles are as sound as her smile is sweet — if she's the kind of woman he wishes to be the mother of his children he must keep company with her.

But I'm afraid company keeping nowadays has too much of the window dressing business about it — too much of pretence — too much of wilful deception. A disobedient, disrespectful girl in her home will play the role of persecuted innocence — and a cursing-disagreeable-selfish boy will act the part of a polished gentleman — each one artificially shellacked in the other's company. And when the revelation of meanness comes, it's poor comfort for either one to say, "Now, I know what was meant by 'For better or worse.' " There's an hypocrisy about modern youth that writes tragedy into many a modern marriage.

Some girls do discern the characters of boy-friends — their bad temper, their addiction to drink — their disregard for religion — but such is the power of a woman's love they fondly and foolishly silence all their fears with the dream — "He'll be different when I marry him." Some young men can see behind the lip-stick and the rouge and discover characteristics that are anything but complimentary, but such is the spell which love so strangely weaves around them that serious faults in the loved one take on the appearance of queenly virtues. I guess that's what they mean when they say "Love is blind." A little more honesty amongst company keepers, a little less deceiving, a little more reality, a little less dreaming, would save a lot of the tears and the vain regrets of after years.

COMPANY keeping — howsoever necessary — is never palliation of, much less an excuse for sins against the sixth commandment. If ever there was need for self-respect, a holy regard for purity, it's during the time of company keeping. If a young man would prove his love for a young woman he would do it in no more chivalrous manner than by his unfaltering respect for her. If a young woman would prove her worth and win the high place she wishes to hold in a man's life she can do so only by the charm of her self-respect. For the worth of a man and the measure of his deserving is a man's respect for all that's sacred in womanhood: and the sacredness of Christian womanhood is purity. This is God's law — not man's. It doesn't matter what the university professor thinks or teaches against this. It doesn't matter how young people feel about this. The word of God is alone infallible — the law of God is alone man's surest guide to happiness on earth and heaven in eternity.

This is God's law — "Let not sin, therefore, reign in your mortal bodies, so as to obey the lusts thereof." This is God's law. "Blessed are the clean of heart for they shall see God." Of course — this purity in company keeping means self-denial — the conquest of passion — the conquering of temptation — the crucifying of the flesh. "They that are Christ's have crucified their flesh with its vices and concupiscences." "The works of the flesh are manifest — which are fornication, uncleanness, immodesty." And this self-denial, a virtue obtained only by constant prayer, is, I'm sorry to say, an almost unknown quantity in the lives of many of today's young manhood. Pampered from childhood by adoring mothers, they see no reason now why anyone should say no to their wishes. Granted every demand in boyhood they are not prepared now to deny the strong demands of passion. Untrained in the saving art of self-control, they cajole themselves with the philosophy that it's a healthy thing to appease by sin the yearnings of lustful hearts. This is not a popular truth. Mothers would much prefer if I laid all the sins of company keeping at the doors of designing, plotting young womanhood. But anyone acquainted with the too prevalent habits of impure practices amongst boys will not find it too difficult to place the blame for most of the defections of youth in company keeping. Habits of purity in company keeping are the finest preparation for the sacrifices and the fidelity to God's law which are the keys to happiness in later married life. Virtuous self-control is the greatest bulwark

against unnatural birth-control. Mutual respect is a mighty safeguard against marital infidelity.

THE Church demands of her children that they conscientiously avoid mixed marriages. This is not unreasonable — or bigoted — or intolerant doctrine. I can understand why I should be expected to explain this matter to non-Catholics. But I cannot understand the flippancy by which Catholics criticize and openly condemn it — unless I fall back on the humiliating excuse that Catholics do not know their Faith — or do not see why means must be adopted to protect that Faith. The Catholic Church is as anxious for the happiness and salvation of non-Catholics as for her own children. Christ — Whom she represents — died for all. In the mind of God and of His Church there is only one thing necessary — eternal salvation. By living according to our Faith — obeying its dictates — as the very will of God — can any of us hope for that salvation. Non-Catholics who have none too many spiritual helps in a world all seething with materialism, must find it — and do find it — next to impossible to live out their Faith in mixed marriages. Catholics, whose Faith is constantly exposed to danger from bad example — from worldliness — from ignorance and ridicule — from intolerance and petty persecution, too often find it necessary to thin out their adherence to God's will as a price for peace in mixed marriages. And the inevitable result and the fearful tragedy of it all is the weakening or the total loss of Faith in the new generation that starts from a divided home.

I am thoroughly convinced that mixed marriages would not be so common amongst us if our Catholic youth in America could but realize the value of their Faith. Out of that realization they would labor with kindness and zeal to share their priceless inheritance with those they love, and they would deem no sacrifice too great that was made to save their Faith from any danger. Too — there are no earnest-minded men or women in our land who would not gladly embrace our Holy Faith — if its teachings were properly presented to them. But no — many young Catholics today want to apologize for the Faith — are even ready to criticize some of the doctrines that Faith inculcates — and are quick to accept as reliable many of the specious arguments of unbelievers. They consider it broadmindedness to laugh at blasphemous stories about the Mass — to retail the ridiculous "wise cracks" about Confession — to

shake their heads in shocked acquiescence at the lies concerning priests and nuns. They consider it quite smart to challenge the Church's authority in matters of morals — and up-to-date to prattle their opinions on birth-control. In married life, later on, they'll wonder why the non-Catholic party shows no interest in the Catholic Faith. The scandal of their own indifference is too often the answer.

IN THESE days when we Americans are so wrought up over the sufferings caused to those of our Faith in other lands — when we raise our voices against the tyranny that would dare to attack the inalienable right of man to worship God according to his conscience — one has reason to expect that we in turn would do all in our power to strengthen the bulwarks of our Christian inheritance here in the land that still loves its freedom. The day may come when American Catholics will be called upon to die for their Faith. The heroes and heroines of tomorrow will be only those who today are true to their freedom — to their Faith and to their God.

Medieval Unionism

There was no such thing in the Middle Ages as an unattached person. The unattached person was one either condemned to exile or doomed to death: if alive, he immediately sought to join some organization, even though it were a band of robbers. To exist, one had had to belong to an association: a household, a manor, a monastery, a guild; there was no security except in association, and no freedom that did not recognize the obligations of a corporate life. It was the exact opposite of rugged individualism. It was the implications of the Mystical Body of Christ put into action.

Fond Mother

How would you feel if your mother said of you what Lady Astor, member of the English parliament and strong advocate of birth control, said of one of her children? She was addressing an assembly of teachers, and said that one of her sons had complained that she failed to take an interest in him before he was seven years old. "I told him," said Lady Astor, "that if I'd known as much then as I do now, I shouldn't have had him at all."

THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN

L. F. HYLAND

For Hopeless Cases

Not all of us will know certainly beforehand when we are going to die. It is estimated that three out of five deaths are sudden, at least in the sense that they are unexpected up to a very brief time before the final breath. Nevertheless there are cases in which a doctor can pronounce quite definitely that a person is going to die within a few months or a few weeks.

It is our firm belief that those whose malady makes it possible to estimate how long they have to live should insist on being told the exact truth about their condition. We believe that it is a privilege granted to few to have the opportunity of knowing, even some indefinite weeks or months beforehand, that they are going to die. If in mistaken kindness, those around them conceal the fact once it is known, they are depriving loved ones of the most powerful incentives in the world for prayer, penance, and the conscious offering of life for the love of God.

One or the other exception to the rule may be admitted. Very old persons, whose minds are dull and weary and whose souls have been well prepared for death for years, need not be definitely told. However no exception may be admitted in which there is the slightest doubt as to whether the person destined to die is well prepared. Preparation for a good death is so important that every individual should want to know when death is near, and friends and relatives should likewise want him to know.

Sometimes it is argued that the breaking of such news to a sick person would only aggravate the suffering and hasten death by shock. It is strange that this kind of argument is most frequently used in cases where it is most important that the sick person know that death is at hand. For worldly, irreligious, sinful persons it is not mercy to permit unconsciousness to set in without a single word of warning. The thought of death may bring a shock, but it will be the kind of shock that will evoke the sorrow necessary for a happy eternity.

As for those who have little to fear, we have never witnessed one such being gravely upset by the news of imminent death. God reserves special graces for them at such a time, and of all His graces, none is more consoling.

OLD MINES: PORTRAIT OF A PEOPLE

A visit to an old village, in an old section of the country, which you may make without preparing for a long journey. You did not know there were such places in the land.

L. G. MILLER

"IF THEY had stayed away from here with their machines, there'd be enough ore for us to mine by hand for the next 20 years." An old man spoke thus to me in front of the parish church in the sleepy little Missouri village of Old Mines. He had been sitting there on a shady bench with two friends for several hours in the warm and heavy silence of a Missouri afternoon. They had not been saying much to each other; they just sat and gazed past the yellow clay banks and over the thick trees into the distance with an inscrutable and patient expression on their features. On a bench nearby sat a girl, who paid not the slightest attention to us as we spoke. She sat quietly by herself, with no trace of anxiety or restlessness.

"Aren't there some tiff deposits around here that haven't been touched yet?" I asked. Tiff is the white ore resembling crystallized powdered sugar, the mining of which has furnished a livelihood for these people for more than two centuries. It has many uses, notably as a base for paint mixtures and as a cooling agent in the drilling of oil wells. The mines in the neighborhood of Old Mines furnish the best grade of tiff (so it is said) to be found anywhere in the country.

"There are some deposits that haven't been touched," the old man replied to my question, "but the companies have leased all the likely land, and what they don't use, they won't let anybody else use either."

"It's too bad from your point of view that they got hold of the land," I said.

"Yes, that was the mistake made by our fathers," said the old man. "They sold all their land, and they didn't realize what they were doing. They didn't look ahead to the future. Couldn't expect them to. Still, we can't help wishing that there had been somebody around to set them wise."

I searched for sympathetic words, but the old man felt no need of sympathy.

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"Yes," he said, "in a few years now I suppose there won't be any tiff left for those of us who don't work for the company. I don't know what we'll do when it runs out."

There was no rancour in his voice. The two men with him had not spoken before, and they did not speak now. The three of them sat there looking at the tall grass as it moved gently in the breeze. They belonged to a people which in its long history had seen its share of suffering, and upon whom suffering had had this effect, to drive it in upon itself and harden its exterior until one might have supposed it entirely indifferent to sorrow and pain. To such a people this new evil which threatened them was no different from the many other sorrows which they had lived through.

SOME of their ancestors had been Acadians, and everyone has read Longfellow's description of their tragic fate: how they were uprooted from their homes in Nova Scotia and scattered in exile all up and down the coast of America. Acadians and other French settlers from Canada, men and women, as early as 1700 had journeyed down the Mississippi in their rude boats in search of adventure and wealth and a new life. Many of them were persons of education and culture, some had even been persons of distinction in the society and court of old France, but the fascination of the uncharted New World had led them to Canada and thence down into the central wilds of the continent.

And after a slow descent of many days down the vast forest-surrounded river which is the father of all rivers, seeking constantly a trace of the gold and silver mines of which fabulous rumors had reached them, they stopped at last in a country which, if it was not rich in gold and silver, was rich in other ores. They stopped along the Mississippi where it runs between the present states of Illinois and Missouri, and here, some on the eastern and some on the western bank, they settled and made their homes.

By the time of the American Revolution, they had taken deep root in the district, and had begun to penetrate inland as new and richer mines were discovered. Other French settlers came up the Mississippi from lower Louisiana to swell the population of the colony. Lead and other ores were found in such abundance as to afford an easy living to all.

The American Revolution came and went, and the United Colonies

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began their phenomenal growth, but the only noticeable effect upon the French in this district was to make numbers of them emigrate from the east bank of the river to the Spanish-controlled west bank—to the prosperous settlement of St. Genevieve and the other settlements, among them Old Mines, deep in the Missouri woods.

This people, possessing a strong national and racial tradition, had little share in the growing pains of the United States during the early 19th century. They were of course before long absorbed into the new nation as it expanded westward, but their isolation and their strong adherence to the traditions of their fathers kept them untouched by Americanism.

"Progress" and "scientific advance" came to be the watchwords of the day, but these hardy Frenchmen knew little and cared less for the so-called progress and the vaunted achievements of science. Instead they continued to live the kind of life their fathers and grandfathers had lived before them. It was a simple life in which they worked only half the week in order to enjoy their leisure during the other half. Money-making never became the only purpose of life for them, as it was becoming for so many Americans. Work was something to be gotten through as quickly as possible, in order that its fruits might be enjoyed.

THEN the tiff was still abundant, and before the mining companies had introduced their regular hours, the menfolk would work leisurely through Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and by that time they would have earned enough to last them for the next few days, and with a sigh of relief they would put their tools aside and stretch out their legs for long, lazy hours on the shady porches of their cabins.

These porches or galleries are in themselves a revelation of this people's philosophy of life. Even the simplest cabin had its porches, at least two of them, and sometimes extending on all sides of the house. Their purpose was of course to enable the occupants of the cabin to spend as much time as possible in the open, but also in the shade. Throughout the long summer afternoons they would sit, while the only sound to be heard would be the hum of the locusts in the thick trees. And then perhaps as evening came on, the music of a guitar might be

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heard, and a girl singing in a low voice one of the ballads of which this people possesses an endless store:

*En allant au Calvaire
Jesus, portant sa croix
Me dsit d'un bonheur
Passant devant cheux moi
"Vou dras-tu, mon ami,
Que je me repose ici?"*

*Moue! brutal et reveche
Je lui dsit sans raison
"Ote-toue, criminel
De devant ma maison!
Avancez, marche donc
Car tu me fais affront."*

Which in rough translation might read like this:

On the way to his death
Jesus bearing His load
In his goodness asked me
At my home by the road
"Will you hear my behest?
May I stop here and rest?"

But with brutal reply
I made bold to say:
"Oh criminal great,
Thou shalt not here stay.
Move on then in haste,
I feel naught but distaste."

But there were other ballads of a humorous turn, and other times when this people showed an activity which amazed travelers who spent a few days among them. Their ancestors had known the magnificent balls and dances of the French court, and had bequeathed an inordinate love of dancing to their children. During the long winter evenings, and in summer, too, they would assemble at one or the other of the cabins, sometimes without even forewarning its occupants, and there to the music of the fiddler, the young people would dance at furious speed, and not grow weary of dancing until morning. In winter and summer,

in cold and heat, according to the old chroniclers, these dances took place, and sometimes even for three days and nights on end.

And while the young folk danced, in another room would be gathered a crowd of the older folk, listening to some gnarled and withered old grandpere as he spun out tales from the endless store which had been passed on to him by his own grandfather. They had heard his tales oftentimes before, but nevertheless they sat in rapt attention around him while he related to them perchance the terrible fate of Godefroi Boyer, who had committed acts of cruelty towards his own father. After the latter died, Godefroi was one day walking down a lonely road, when the ghost of his father suddenly appeared to him mounted upon a white horse, and forced the unwilling Godefroi to mount the horse behind him. Then all through the night the horse was driven at a terrifying speed through the air and along the ground, through thicket and briar and wood, until at dawn Godefroi was finally set down, naked and bleeding, before the parish church.

BUT it is in their remarkable faith that these people show most strikingly their independence from the ways of the world about them. In the early morning they can be seen along the roads, walking sometimes for ten or twelve miles in order to attend Mass. By the time the bell is rung, a half hour before Mass is to begin, there are a number of them already gathered in the churchyard. They do not converse very much as they wait patiently for the time of Mass. In the faces of the men is that dark and inscrutable expression which at first arouses apprehension in the stranger, but which one soon learns is not a mark of hostility but of reserve.

Then the bell rings for the beginning of Mass, and as they enter the Church, one sees in their patient faces that among the many things that have not changed for them, the greatest is their faith. To them religion is still without shadow of doubt the most important thing in life. They have their faults; at times perhaps some may gamble and drink to excess; their moods may be unpredictable, and their language sometimes unprintable, but over all and in all and through all is a living faith. Take their faith and their religion away from them, and you might as well take away their very life. They could not explain that faith to you in the terms of a theologian, but they had it and they have it today — a faith that the most learned theologian might envy, a faith

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that reaches down into the very roots of their lives.

If there are three Masses on a Sunday, it is not unlikely that many of them will stay in or near the church during the entire morning. And then about noon they will begin their long walk homewards. Family by family will take its separate path; the father and mother each with a babe in arms, and the rest walking or toddling alongside. Over the hills and through the woods they slowly make their way, until the little clearing appears before them with the cabin and the whitewashed balcony and the well and all the familiar objects which they love.

In the moss-grown and uncared for cemetery not far from the church can be seen the graves of men and women who died two centuries ago. Their life stories have been long forgotten, here one can only read that they were born in this year and they died in that year and the rest is a secret with God.

In one or the other case, the inscription tries to preserve some further little detail from the rising mists of oblivion. Here is the grave of a parish priest who long ago was drowned while on the way to attend a dying parishioner. And here is an unpretentious little stone with a name and the date of birth and death, and beneath it the pitiful little epitaph: "She hath done what she could." In the midst of simple joys and sorrows, this poor woman had lived and died, she had borne children, perhaps; she had seen her share of suffering; she had died without leaving a single thing worthy of remembrance by historians: save this, that she had done what she could.

SOMEHOW or other, looking at that humble epitaph, one feels that it contains in its simplicity the secret of a happy life, and it is a secret shared by all the people of Old Mines. To be content with one's lot, to be humble, to sin through frailty, but never through malice: in living thus, one may not accomplish much in the eyes of the world, but when has the world been able to make men happy? To live thus is to live for God—who alone can make us truly happy. To live thus is to take sides against "Americanism" in some of its manifestations—its ambition and its enterprise and its restless endeavor, but Americanism does not arouse the same enthusiasm in youthful breasts that it once did, because it has failed to give us lasting happiness.

Perhaps we should retrace our steps—to begin to live once more as the people of Old Mines have never ceased to live.

Three Minute Instruction

ON THE ROSARY

One of the first reactions of many outsiders to the Catholic practice of reciting the rosary is that of impatience and dislike over the thought of repeating identical prayers over and over. Weak and worldly Catholics sometimes express the same antipathy for the rosary. This attitude can change only through the medium of information and understanding of what lies behind the practice of the rosary.

1. To say that the recitation of the rosary is a tiresome, monotonous practice is to show that one does not know what the rosary is. True, it means reciting a great number of *Hail Marys*, etc., but this is to be done while meditating on the events in the life of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. The recitation of the *Hail Marys*, in which Mary's office as the Mother of the Redeemer is dramatized, is intended to be like a choral background against which the mind concentrates on individual scenes in which the redemption of man was achieved. So far from being monotonous, this practice gives the greatest freedom to the memory and imagination, allowing them to recall and reconstruct all the fascinating events in the lives of Jesus and Mary.

2. The recitation of certain words can grow monotonous and wearisome, no matter how beautiful the words may be, if they have no meaning for our lives. Those who dislike saying the prayers of the rosary prove that they have failed either to grasp or to accept the intimate personal meaning they have in the life of man. The *Our Father* is the perfect prayer composed by the Son of God; the *Hail Mary* contains the perfect petition to God's Mother; the *Glory be to the Father* is the fulfillment of the purpose of all creation. If we do not know or believe these things, it is to be expected that the recitation of the rosary should become monotonous.

3. For many who dislike the rosary, the real dislike is not for this particular form of prayer but for all prayer. Prayer is not always easy, even though it is always necessary. All of us need ways and means of keeping ourselves at it, especially when it does not come easy. The rosary is such a means. Without it we might pray for a minute or two according to our first inspiration, but then we would be speedily turned away from prayer by the distractions of the world. Those who dislike the rosary are frequently those who do not want anything to hold them down to continued prayer.

These thoughts may clear away some of the half-formed objections of certain Catholics to the use of the rosary, and even introduce its real meaning and purpose to non-Catholics. October is dedicated to the rosary; millions will be saying it, individually and in groups; every one who joins them will be happier and better for it.

EXAMEN FOR LAYMEN (X)

The November examen will be made on the subject of meekness, embracing sins of anger, revenge, hatred, etc.

F. A. RYAN

THE first commandment in the decalogue, after the three which deal with man's duties to God, is that which reads: Honor thy father and thy mother. There is a reason for its being mentioned at the head of the list of those which comprise man's duties to his fellow-man. The reason is that in the order of nature a human being's first relationships are toward the parents who were responsible for his coming into the world and on whom he is dependent through many helpless years.

The law of obedience, in regard to children, is really a law of self-preservation. When the child is born, it is incapable of caring for itself in any way. Its helplessness and dependence, in somewhat diminishing degree, continue for many years. Unless others provide for its physical needs, its intellectual needs, its moral and spiritual needs, it will never reach perfect maturity. This dependence can be made fruitful and effective unto self-preservation and development only by obedience, respect, honor and love toward those whose responsibility it is to provide for the child.

But children are not the only ones on whom the obligation of obedience falls. Wherever there is a necessary dependence of one man upon another, either in the natural or supernatural order, there are obligations of obedience. Thus, in the natural order, the citizen owes obedience to the state; the workman to his employer; the pupil to the teacher. Thus, in the supernatural order; the parishioner owes obedience to the pastor and the religious to his superiors.

Indirectly obedience also imposes obligations on those who hold authority to direct and command others. There is a right use of authority and a wrong use; it can be neglected or abused to the detriment of subjects. Therefore every form of obedience involves obligations on the part of those in command. The sins of both subjects and superiors are therefore outlined here.

I. MORTAL SINS

1. Have I deliberately given in to hatred of my mother or father,

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refusing to speak to them or to pray for them over a considerable period of time?

2. Have I deliberately wished serious harm to my parents, e.g., that they would die so that I might possess their goods?

3. Have I habitually treated my parents harshly, speaking contemptuously to them or of them, ridiculing them, cursing them, causing them severe pain and sorrow?

4. Have I refused to relieve the serious needs of my parents when I was able to do so, leaving them dependent on strangers for necessary food, clothing, or without medical care in sickness and danger of death?

5. Have I done nothing to provide spiritual care for my mother or father when it was needed, neglecting to provide for their receiving the sacraments in danger of death?

6. Have I for selfish purposes prevented parents from giving or bequeathing money for Masses or other spiritual works in behalf of their souls, or when they actually left money for such purposes have I deliberately refused to carry out their will?

7. Have I purposely struck my mother or father in resentment or deliberate bad will?

8. Have I disobeyed parents when they forbade my going with bad companions, or to bad shows and dangerous places?

9. Have I disobeyed parents in things necessary for my salvation, e.g., by refusing to go to Mass on Sunday, by refusing to say any prayers, by refusing to study catechism, etc.?

10. Have I seriously and habitually refused to study and learn in school, thus wasting parents' money and nullifying their sacrifices for me?

11. Have I upset the home of my parents by frequently disobeying the rules they had a right to make—concerning the persons to be brought into the home, concerning the hours I kept at night, concerning decent conduct within the home?

12. Have I, when earning money while living under the parental roof or while still subject to parents, refused to give them part of my earnings when they needed it or demanded it?

13. Have I, as a parent, given in to deliberate hatred of a son or daughter, by continual mistreatment, cursing, driving them out of the home without a serious reason?

14. Have I failed entirely to teach and discipline my children in

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serious matters such as morality and religion?

15. Have I, with deliberate and grave carelessness, endangered the life of a child, either by seriously dangerous conduct before birth, or by neglect of proper attention through the years of infancy?

16. Have I failed to have my child baptized at least within a month after birth, when there was no serious obstacle to so doing?

17. Have I given serious bad example to my children, by cursing in their presence, by serious quarreling, by impure talk, by neglecting serious religious obligations?

18. Have I failed to correct and punish my children for serious wrongs, or to forbid them to enter serious occasions of sin?

19. Have I refused to send my children to a Catholic school when I could have done so and had no permission from bishop or pastor to do otherwise?

20. Have I selfishly interfered with the vocation of a son or daughter, when God seemed to be calling them to marriage or to a religious vocation and I had no serious reason for refusing to let them go?

21. Have I, as a pupil in school, seriously undermined the authority and harmed the work of my teacher by slander, rebellion, etc.?

22. Have I, as a teacher, seriously neglected my duties by failing to prepare myself in any way for my classes, by not teaching subjects I was hired to teach, etc.?

23. Have I, as an employee, failed to a grave degree in carrying out commands of an employer for which I was hired, or fomented rebellion and disobedience and sabotage among others?

24. Have I, as an employer, been seriously unjust to one or many of my employees, by driving them tyrannically, by demanding more than human nature could do, by allowing inhuman working conditions?

25. Have I, as a lawyer or politician or influential business man used my power to break down or render useless just laws of the state made for the welfare of all?

26. Have I, as an official of the state, seriously failed in my duty by accepting bribes, permitting corruption, letting criminals off, etc.?

27. Have I, as a parishioner, fomented rebellion and disobedience among the people of a parish, by slander, conspiracy, etc., against my pastor?

II. VENIAL SINS

1. Have I failed to show love and gratitude to my parents, either

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by neglecting opportunities to do so, or by positively hurting them in small ways?

2. Have I failed in the respect due my parents, by laughing at them, being openly ashamed of them, talking harshly or angrily to them, saying unkind things about them?

3. Have I disobeyed my parents in small things that they commanded or forbade?

4. Have I lied to my parents to avoid a reprimand or punishment?

5. Have I been stubborn and peevish and openly resentful against parents?

6. Have I neglected to ask or take advice from parents in matters in which their knowledge and experience are meant to guide me?

7. Have I selfishly refused to make life more comfortable and enjoyable for my parents when I could have done so?

8. Have I, in my own mature years, left my parents alone, seldom visiting them, seldom showing any gratitude or love?

9. As a parent, have I slothfully neglected the lesser duties I owed to my children, such as taking an interest in their school work, explaining difficult religious matters to them, encouraging extra habits of piety?

10. Have I given bad example to my children in venial matters, by anger, gossip, lying, etc.?

11. Have I failed to cooperate with teachers of my children by criticizing them to the children, countermanding some of their orders, etc.?

12. Have I, as a pupil in school, been disrespectful and disobedient to teachers?

13. Have I, as a teacher, given bad example to pupils, or failed to prepare well for my classes, or to fulfill minor obligations I assumed?

14. Have I, as an employee, been disobedient to just orders given by my employer thus causing slight losses?

15. Have I, as an employer, given way to anger, partiality, unfairness in dealing with my employees?

16. Have I, as a citizen, disregarded laws made for the safety and well-being of all, or ridiculed those in authority who make the laws?

III. HELPS AND COUNSELS

1. Have I convinced myself of the truth that all valid authority

comes from God, and that obedience to such authority is obedience to God?

2. As a son or daughter, have I ever reflected on the gratitude I owe to parents, which is the basis of the love, respect, and obedience I owe them?

3. Have I trained myself to overlook the human faults in those who hold authority, remembering that these faults do not remove my obligation of obedience to all just commands?

4. Have I ever meditated on what chaos would engulf the world if there were no obedience, and on how much misery has already been caused by rebellion against authority?

5. Have I realized the old Scriptural principle that obedience to parents in youth is the surest means of gaining loyal obedience from others when I may be placed in authority?

6. Have I meditated on the example of Christ, who became man out of obedience and who was obedient to all lawful authority even unto His death?

To Unchaste Youth

"When you yield to lewdness, you do not escape responsibility. Had other youths not lived chastely in the past and present, you might have some excuse. You behold others who keep themselves clean and honorable in their lives, and you cannot master your youthful passions? Do you want to know the cause? It is not your youth, for then *all* young folk should be impure, but you burn because you throw yourselves headlong into the fire. When you feed your eyes on nudity . . . you kindle in your flesh a feverish glow. Thus you cause your own disease." — *St. John Chrysostom.*

The Sacrament of Marriage

Matrimony is not merely a secular thing. No, a thousand times no! Matrimony is a sacrament. Just as we speak of holy communion, so we ought to speak of holy matrimony. . . . Therefore the Church cries unceasingly, cries until mankind again hears: Matrimony is one of the seven rivulets that bear the redemptive mercy to us. Matrimony is one of the seven wells from which issue the waters of eternal life. Matrimony is one of the seven chalices filled to the brim with the blood of Christ. Matrimony is one of the seven tables at which Christ serves the grace that fortifies spiritual life. Matrimony is one of the seven bells whose silvery chimes encourage the wanderer on his way to eternal life. — *Bishop Toth.*

PATRONS FOR ARMY MEN

Take your pick — or better, combine them all into a litany of army saints and invoke them every day.

F. A. BRUNNER

WITH so many men now encamped in army life, with so many Catholic soldiers now in arms, it is imperative that the saints whose office it is to care for and protect warring men be known and loved. Here are a few of the great patrons of soldiers.

St. Adrian of Nicomedia (whose feast is held on September 8).

Adrian is said to have been a pagan officer at the Roman imperial court in Nicomedia. He was jailed for identifying himself with the persecuted Christians, and after a long imprisonment was at last cruelly executed in or around the year 304 in the reign of the emperor Diocletian. A soldier himself, St. Adrian has been long venerated as patron of army men.

St. Demetrius of Salonika (October 8).

St. Demetrius was probably a deacon in Dalmatia martyred during the persecution under Diocletian. But later legends make him a pro-consul and a great warrior-saint, and in this capacity he received the most solemn cultus throughout the east. Along with St. George he was adopted by the crusaders as their guard and guide in the long fight against the Saracens.

St. George (April 23).

Beyond the statement that he was a martyr who died at Lydda in Palestine in the early fourth century, there is nothing about St. George that can be affirmed with certainty. This youthful "martyr-knight" is the subject of many pretty legends, not the least dramatic the dragon story with which he is usually associated. Because he is often pictured mounted on a fine charger, he has been chosen as protector of the cavalry.

St. Ignatius of Loyola (July 31).

St. Ignatius, a Spanish nobleman born in 1491, was bred to arms. His military career, however, came to an abrupt end when in the

defense of Pampeluna he was severely wounded. But the lessons he had learned as a soldier he employed in the service of the Church when in 1534 he began the foundation of a company of spiritual soldiers, the Society of Jesus, whose characteristic virtue was to be obedience. He died in 1556 after glorious service as "General" of his new organization.

St. Martin of Tours (November 11).

St. Martin, born in Upper Pannonia around 316, came of an army family. Although he himself was sent to the army, he refused to fight against the German invaders on the ground that a Christian, pledged to peace, should not engage in unnecessary war. He died in 397 as bishop of Tours in what is now France.

St. Maurice (September 22).

According to the legend, Maurice was the *primicerius*, or shall we say chief officer, of the storied Theban Legion, a detachment of Christians recruited in Egypt who were on active duty in Gaul. History seems to record his martyrdom in 287 at what is now called St. Maurice-en-Valais in the Rhone valley; but whether the whole legion was massacred is disputable. St. Maurice's death was the result of his loyalty to higher duties than the commands of his officers, adherence to principle in the face of worldly preferments and earthly honor. "We owe you military service and obedience," he cried out to his superior, "but we cannot renounce him who is our creator and master."

St. Sebastian (January 20).

The story has it that he was a captain in the Imperial Guard under Diocletian. For his profession of faith in Christianity he was killed with arrows. He lies buried on the famous Appian way. For years beyond record he has been regarded as one of the principal patrons of those engaged in warfare, chiefly however of companies of guards, domestic and civil.

St. Theodore of Heraclea (February 7).

Theodore is one of the great military martyrs of the East. He was military governor—the Greeks call him "stratelates" or general; we would probably say Minister of War—in Bithynia, and suffered martyrdom in 319.

WATER WORLDS

The most romantic things in all creation are the simplest things. Perhaps that is why we so seldom think the romantic thoughts expressed here.

A. FUYTINCK

WATER, like most of the really precious things in life, receives but scant appreciation. Like the hair on our heads and our good health it is taken for granted. We do not begin to prize it for its worth until it is gone. Then, usually, it is too late to do anything about it.

Water is the blood of the earth; it is in great part responsible not only for the vigorous life flourishing on this planet of ours but also for its variegated beauty. Not to see this is to close our eyes to half the wonders of the world. Even a hasty consideration of what water means to others will give us a realization of some of the countless wonders that owe their very existence to water.

To the scientist water is far more than just a colorless, odorless, tasteless liquid that can be broken up and made to disappear into the thin air. It opens a new universe to his eager gaze. Under the powerful eye of the microscope every drop of water is a world of its own teeming with the feverish activity of microbe life. The vast ocean floor abounds in wonderful life never dreamed of by those who have gazed only at the lifeless surface of the sea. There grow almost unnoticed plants whose shape and hue far outrival their land kin,—incredibly long rope-like plants waving back and forth like restless serpents, fragile lace-like mosses as delicate as silverspun nets. There, too, abound countless forms of fish life—fish more brilliant with vivid color than the rainbow, fish that look like a delicate jelly, fish little more than skeletons of bare bones, fish that light up the all-pervading darkness of the ocean's floor with eery lights that glow blue, yellow, and green; monstrous leviathans of the deep and tiny crustaceans that glow and sparkle like gems—all these and countless more people the deep.

To the Bedouin, living his life long on the sandy wastes of the desert beneath a blazing sun, water is life—treasured far more than gold. The story was told recently of two Bedouin chiefs of the Sahara

who had been flown to France to be shown the marvels of modern civilization. They were left cold and unimpressed in the face of all the modern world holds dear — by the vast metropolis, Paris; by the giant steel structure of the Eiffel Tower, its proud head lifted high into the sky; by the intricate network of railroads that bind together the farthest corners of the nation. They beheld all these unmoved. But when they were taken up into the Alps, there was unfolded before their astonished eyes a view that stirred their primitive hearts to the depths. A vast waterfall tumbled hundreds of feet from the side of one of the mountains. They were entranced. With head uncovered they stood in reverent silence and feasted their almost unbelieving eyes upon the scene — a scene such as they never dreamed existed this side of paradise. Above the thunder of the falling water one of them was heard to say: "Oh, how good is God to the French to give them here in such abundance what he gives us only in paradise!" To these uncultured sons of nature water was synonymous with life; lack of it, with death; untold quantities of it, with everlasting life; with paradise.

TO THE traveler water means beauty. For him it means the sea, whose broad, watery arms encircle and hold together the earth. It conjures up sea-scenes of peace and quiet, when the face of the sea is like a slightly undulating mirror, the stillness broken only by the metallic pulsating of the ship's engines and the faint angry hiss of water against the prow as the giant ship of steel stubbornly shoulders its way through the quiet sea. Likewise, it calls up sea-scenes of wild tumult, when the waves, lashed to fury by a howling, shrieking wind, rise up in tremendous, foam-flecked mountains of water that batter and tear at the tossing ship. To him, too, it means the seashore: sunny beaches of yellow sand where breakers lazily roll over happy groups of shrieking bathers; rocky coasts where the breakers thunder and rush wildly upon glistening, wet rocks only to be dashed to spray with a deep booming roar.

But besides the sea, water recalls to him the enchanting majesty of snow-capped mountains, their lofty summits communing with the clouds; the savage grandeur of a mountain stream hurled suddenly in white froth down tremendous waterfalls; geysers that at regular intervals shoot forth thousands of gallons of steaming water and then cease as suddenly and as mysteriously as they began; tiny springs that bubble

crystal-clear at the base of wooded hillsides and mammoth springs that in stoic silence give birth to rivers; minute drops of water that with thousands of years of persistent labor hang huge icicles of stone from the roofs and colossal pillars from the floors of caverns to transform them into weird throne-rooms of unearthly splendor. The traveler realizes only too well that it is water that makes his travels so memorable.

For the poet and the artist water means inspiration: the golden splendor of the sunrise; the royal, blood-red curtain pulled before the dying day; the soft luminous clouds that float about in the limitless blue of the skies; the matchless designs of frost on the window pane; the minute but perfect symmetry of the snowflakes, each one differing from the other.

TO THE engineer water means power. He has but to close his eyes to dream of the giant dynamos whirring at the Falls of Niagara — Dynamos that turn the white, swirling, thundering waters of the Falls into a steady stream of electricity that lights up millions of shops and homes and furnishes power to thousands of factories. Before his mind's eye float visions of massive dams that harness silent, ruthless rivers and makes them the toiling slaves of man. His mind dwells with delight on such wonders of constructive genius as the Grand Coulee Dam, whose huge outlines surpass even the gigantic proportions of the pyramids. (It has been conjectured that out of the concrete used in building the Grand Coulee Dam two monuments could be built — each a city block square and each slightly higher than the Empire State Building in New York!) Or with the mention of water his thoughts turn to the Imperial Valley in California, which with scientific irrigation was turned from a burning desert into the most productive fruit center in the world. Indeed, the engineer looks to water for the power of tomorrow.

Sometimes the thought of water is associated with dread, because of experience of what fury it conceals. To the homesteaders on the river water connotes the flood. For him it means a tranquil stream that with the melting snows and excessive rains turns into a wild, seething torrent with angry yellow waves that overleap the river bounds to wreak destruction on all within their path. So fierce is the fury of this water gone wild that yearly it causes more havoc in the world than all

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the dire forces of earthquake, fire, tornado, hurricane, and cyclone combined. So costly are its ravages that the United States Government has and still is spending hundreds of millions of dollars that turbulent waters — such as those of the Tennessee River — be held in check.

To the business man water means trade. He knows that over the waterways of the world sails the commerce of nations. Without these waterways trade between countries would be at a standstill, and that in our own country it would be more than halved. He is aware that the yearly tonnage of ore, coal, and grain carried so silently over our Great Lakes is staggering to the ordinary mind. He realizes that were it not for the low cost of shipment by water his little home would be deprived of a hundred and one little conveniences that he now enjoys, — that his coal, his furniture, his car, his food would cost a lot more. He sees all this clearly, and he thanks God for the abundance of water.

To the priest water bespeaks the supernatural. For it was water that Christ saw as the most fitting symbol to portray the spiritual purifying and rebirth of man, and made it the miraculous fluid that in one washing changes a loathsome, twisted soul into the resplendent image of Himself in Baptism.

TO YOU and to me with our thoughts bent down to the drudgery of daily existence water may mean only a murky fog, a dripping tap, a leaking roof, slippery pavements, muddy streets to soil the dining-room floor — little more!

If we but opened our eyes we could see half the world in a raindrop!

English Sangfroid

The much talked of English unemotionalism or sangfroid finds apt illustration in the following story from the London Catholic Herald. It seems that a number of people, chance companions on a railroad coach, were describing their various adventures during the bombings, when suddenly a little girl, rather thin and colorless, spoke up:

"My aunt had a rather unpleasant experience. A bomb came right down in her living room. It was very unpleasant for her."

"I should think so," was the sympathetic response. "Wasn't she hurt?"

"Oh yes," said the little girl, calmly. "Her head was blown off. It was very unpleasant for her."

DR. McGONIGLE INVENTS PEACE

Easily the most astounding of all the doughty doctor's inventions is described in operation here. That it overshot the mark should not be held against it.

L. G. MILLER

PERHAPS only those few who hail from Hookersville, Kansas, or its environs will have heard of the terrific conflict regarding the proper observance of the Sabbath rest which took place there a few years ago.

Certainly the conflict would not have had any interest for me save for the fact that my friend, Dr. Lucius P. McGonigle, was intimately connected with the whole sordid episode. It is not pleasant to rake over the unsavory details connected with our two day visit to Hookersville, but for the sake of the record, some account of the Doctor's work there should be set down on paper, even at the risk of offending some of our Hookersville subscribers.

"Leo, my boy," Dr. McGonigle said to me one day, "would it not be wonderful if something could be invented which would put an end to all quarrels and disputes among men?"

"It would be wonderful, all right," I said, "but it's a hopeless dream. Men have been fighting with each other as long as they have been on earth, and it's useless to think that any mere machine can succeed in making them stop."

"Leo, my boy," the doctor said, "you're absolutely wrong. What is it that causes disputes and brawls, answer me that."

"Well, I suppose it's because people let their emotions get the best of them. They let themselves be carried away by their feelings."

"Certainly. All that is needed then is to find a means of cooling the emotions and calming the feelings. That should be simple, shouldn't it?"

"Well —" I began, doubtfully.

"Of course it should be simple," cried the doctor fretfully. "As a matter of fact, Leo my boy," he went on, tapping me on the chest with a significant forefinger, "I am on the verge of perfecting a device that will do precisely that."

"You don't say so!" I said in an awed voice. "And how does it work?"

"It brings to bear upon the nerve centers and upon the brain itself a ray which I have discovered and named the Z-ray. This ray," said Dr. McGonigle, "has the peculiar quality of relieving tension and reducing inflammation."

"What proof have you that it does so?"

"I have tried it on my guinea pigs," said the doctor triumphantly, "and in every instance it produced visible results. My experiment consisted in this: I first of all aroused the guinea pigs by placing food in their cages, and then taking it away just as they were about to eat. After doing this several times, the guinea pigs showed distinct signs of anger and even rage. Then I immediately turned upon them my Z-ray, and the effect was astounding. The animals became composed almost immediately, and ceased entirely to manifest signs of irritation."

"And you think this Z-ray should produce the same effect upon human beings?"

"Why not? After all, the nerves and brain tissues of guinea pigs and human beings are in many ways similar."

"Well," I said, "if any living man could achieve such a thing, you are that man. But I want to see it in operation."

"You shall, Leo, you shall. Hold yourself in readiness to travel at a moment's notice."

"Where?"

"Never mind. Just be ready. I have a scheme in mind which will require your cooperation." And with a mysterious smile, Dr. McGonigle ushered me to his front door and handed me my hat.

ONE evening a few days later I was sitting in my room at Mrs. Schwarzkopf's Boarding House playing rummy with my friend Joe Greer when suddenly the phone rang. As I lifted the receiver, Dr. McGonigle's voice burst in upon my ears.

"Leo, my boy," the doctor cried, "do you know where the town of Hookersville is located?"

"Hookersville? No, I can't say that I do."

"It is in the State of Kansas. And you and I are going there."

"We are? What for?"

"Aha, just you wait and see. Can you get in touch with Mr. Joseph Greer?"

"He's right here with me now."

"Fine, fine! I want him to come along, too. Just pack your things and meet me at the Union Station. Our train leaves at midnight." And before I could say another word, the Doctor had hung up.

"Joe," I said, "how would you like to take a trip to Hookersville?"

"The suggestion intrigues me," said Joe, knocking his cigar ash into my wash basin. "Where's Hookersville, and what's going on there?"

"It's in Kansas," I said, "and I think Dr. McGonigle is going to try out his new invention there. Are you game to go?"

"Cripes, yes, if you'll lend me the fare."

A few hours later found us on the Sunbaked Special bound for the unknown interior of Kansas. Wichita would be our jumping off place; from there to Hookersville no train had as yet penetrated.

While we rolled along, and before retiring to our berths, Dr. McGonigle talked to us about his plan. He had been corresponding with a friend of his who lived in Hookersville, and this friend had happened to mention in a letter that the town was split wide open by a controversy as to the proper observance of Sunday. On the one side were a number of religious fanatics and former prohibitionists who years before had put an official ban on any and all Sunday amusements and activities; the movie houses had been closed, the roller skating rink could not operate, and no store in town was allowed to remain open for business. On the other side were certain prosperous oil men together with their drillers and pipe layers who had settled in Hookersville with the opening of a nearby oil field, and who reacted most violently against such a curtailment of their Sunday recreations.

What Dr. McGonigle proposed to do was to attend a conference of these opposing factions with his Z-ray device, turn it on the disputants, and watch it take its effect.

When the doctor had finished his recital, Joe Greer shook his head dubiously, just as I had done.

"Some scheme you've got there, Doc," he said. "I ain't saying that I don't believe it will work, but all I'm saying is that I want to put my peepers on the results." I felt that Joe in his uncouth way had hit the nail precisely upon its head.

We found the town of Hookersville to be a loose-jointed, sprawling collection of houses interspersed with oil-well derricks and gasoline storage tanks. Before the oil had been struck, it had been a settlement

of fairly prosperous farmers. Their neat little houses were now surrounded and intermixed with the shacks and frame houses of the oil men, but they clung to their convictions as to how the town should observe Sunday. Before the oil men had come, Sunday in Hookersville had been as quiet as a victim of sleeping sickness, and they desired to keep it that way at any cost.

DR. McGONIGLE'S friend, whose name was Waldermar Weber, met us as we descended, full of sore spots in our muscles and wrinkles in our clothes, from the ancient bus which had brought us from Witchita to Hookersville. Evidently he knew the plans of Dr. McGonigle, for his first remark after being introduced was this:

"There is to be a meeting tomorrow night, at which I have arranged that you shall be present."

"Fine, fine!" said the doctor.

"They don't know the real reason. I told them you would be there as an important political observer. However, I am afraid that your two friends here will not be able to attend since the meeting is restricted to city officials and members of the council—and after getting a place for you, I was afraid to ask anything else."

"Tell me," said the doctor, "the names of some of the leading citizens."

"Well, there's John Knox Niggardly. He's the mayor, and the leading defender of the blue laws. If your Z-ray can cool him off, Doctor, it certainly must be considered an unqualified success."

"Yes, of course," said Dr. McGonigle, with a deprecating wave of his hand, "And who are some of the others?"

"Ranged along with Mr. Niggardly are men like Wesley Jenkins (he's the parson), Lazarus Digger, who is the local undertaker, and Lemuel Snodgrass, who runs a hardware store."

"Cripes, that sounds like a crew," said Joe Greer.

"On the other side," Mr. Weber went on, "are men like Sam Wellesly, Bob Driller, and Art Diamond, all of them oil men. The latter is City Commissioner, and he may be called the leader of the anti-blue law forces."

"And all these men will be present when the meeting is held tomorrow night?"

"They certainly will. With bells on. The town is looking forward to

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a knock-em-down-and-drag-em-out battle."

"Well, Leo my boy and Joe," said Dr. McGonigle, looking around at us regretfully, "since you can't be present at the meeting itself, I want you to do this for me: I want you to stand outside and watch the men as they come out when it is over. Listen to what they say, observe their expressions, in short, notice at first hand the effect of my Z-ray."

"We'll do it," I said.

"Colonel," said Joe Greer solemnly, "we'll study their faces like a sea captain studies his compass."

WELL, the meeting came off according to schedule, and we wished luck to Dr. McGonigle as he set out from friend Waldemar's house with his little black box under his arm. After a few minutes, we set out after him, and took our stand outside the town hall. There we found ourselves in the midst of a crowd of natives, who were expressing strong opinions on one side or the other of the question at issue. In fact, many of them seemed anxious for physical violence.

The meeting had already begun, and through the open windows we could hear voices raised in angry expostulation. We could hear the sound of the gavel, and the chairman calling for order, but it was evident that he was having little success in securing it. Restlessly we began to pace up and down, wondering what had become of Dr. McGonigle and his Z-ray, when suddenly it happened. The sound of angry voices in the hall abruptly ceased, and complete silence descended on the hall. We stared at each other, and around us we saw the Hookersville natives staring too.

The silence could mean only one thing. Dr. McGonigle had turned on his Z-ray, and it had produced instantaneous results. I felt my heart beating fast within me, and I saw that Joe Greer had begun to chew his cigar and snap his suspenders in a way that betokened great excitement.

And then, just as suddenly as they had ceased, the voices once more began to rise from within the town hall. For a while we could distinguish nothing that was said, but at last we heard someone bellow out in a rich and fruity baritone:

"What I say is this: these abominable laws should never have been passed in the first place."

"Oh, oh," said Joe, "they're at it again." But I was looking at a lank

and hungry-looking native who stood next to me, and whose eyes were literally popping out of his head.

"That's the voice of Lazarus Digger, strike me pink if it ain't, and I never thought I'd see the day he'd talk like that." And so saying, he took off his hat and scratched his head.

Another voice even louder than the first reached our ears.

"They're on the books and they're going to stay there if I have to beat the ears off every man jack in this town."

"You can break me in two," said our lank friend in tones of great wonder, "if that ain't Art Diamond talkin' like that. I've known Art Diamond man and boy for thirty years, and I never figured he'd end up on that side of the fence."

By this time there was absolute pandemonium in the hall. No further words could be distinguished; there were hoarse cries of rage and the sound of much milling around.

In the midst of it all the door opened and Dr. McGonigle came out and walked slowly down the steps. His shoulders were stooped, and seeing us standing at the foot of the steps, he took each of us by the arm and walked us slowly down the street.

Not a word would he say until we had arrived at the home of his friend, Mr. Weber. Then he told us what had happened.

The Z-ray had worked, all right. As soon as Dr. McGonigle had turned it on, it had produced the wonderful silence within the hall which had caused us so much surprise.

"After that," said the doctor, "the chairman got up and said: 'All right, let's settle this question now once and for all, with no bitterness on either side.' 'Fine,' said a man whom I knew to be none other than Lazarus Digger, 'anyone in his right senses can see that these laws never should have been on the books in the first place. I vote we blot them out and put something sensible in their place.' 'Not so fast, my friend,' spoke up another man, who had been introduced to me as Art Diamond, 'if these laws were put on the books, it must have been for a reason. I vote we keep them there.'

"Horried, I realized what had happened. My Z-ray had worked, it had calmed down their emotions and reduced their prejudices on one side of the question, but like pendulums set in motion, their minds had not stopped in the middle of the arc, but had described a complete half circle, putting them in a position directly opposed to that which they had previously held.

"You know what happened after that. They began to argue even more furiously than before, and I am sorry to say that when I left the hall, they were already having recourse to blows."

"But did your Z-ray have no effect upon this new outburst?" we asked him.

"No. It worked the first time, but it would not work the second. My Z-ray," said Dr. McGonigle, as he wiped a fugitive tear from his eye, "must be reckoned among the failures of science."

WE DARED not interrupt the silence that ensued. Joe Greer meditatively chewed his cigar, and I fumbled in my pocket for a cigarette.

"Can it be," mused Dr. McGonigle, "that there are depths in the human mind which Science is unable to plumb?"

I don't know what Joe Greer thought, but to me it seemed that there were. However, I said nothing. Who was I to make suggestions to such a learned man as Dr. Lucius P. McGonigle?

Society Note

* The groom wore a long pair of overalls and a cutaway coat. The bride wore a calico dress and apron. They both looked the picture of health, and were ably assisted—the groom by the bride's sister, and the bride by Mr. Sam Meadows, a particular friend of the groom's. . . . *Society Page of the "Fair-play Flume" a weekly published in Colorado fifty years ago.* *

Epitaph Department

1.

Here lies the body of Betty Bowden,
Who would live longer, but she couldn,
Sorrow and grief made her decay,
Till her bad leg carried her away.

Staverton, England.

2.

Here lies the body of John Auricular
Who in the ways of the Lord walked perpendicular.

A New England Cemetery.

FOR WIVES AND HUSBANDS ONLY

D. F. MILLER

Complaint: My husband does not trust me with enough money even to provide the necessary household things from one week to another. He makes a fairly good salary, but all I ever see is a few dollars here and there that do not even cover the essentials. The result is that I am little better than a slave. Is there anything I can do to change him?

Solution: Your difficulty is one that is quite common, and has been responsible for the break-up of many marriages. We are of the firm conviction that the question of how financial matters will be administered in the home should be gone into by a young couple even before they are married, and that, if necessary, a list of rules be drawn up that can be invoked when difficulties arise later on in married life.

Perhaps in your case, as in many cases, you have brought on your own misery by extravagance and carelessness when you did have a free hand with the money made by your husband. As a result he may have determined to permit you to get your hands on as little cash as possible.

If that is your case, then the procedure called for by the circumstances is that of giving him definite proof that you are not extravagant nor careless with money. I would suggest that you keep an itemized account of everything you spend from the beginning of the month to the end. If you need things for the house for which you have no money, buy them on credit and hand him the bills with the itemized account of your other expenditures. Keep your temper by all means whenever a question of money matters arises; talk calmly and reasonably with the evident knowledge that you have right on your side and that the figures prove it. Displays of temper in this matter will only tighten the purse strings and make you suspected of insincerity.

If you have given your husband no cause for mistrusting you with money, then he is probably either a spendthrift who is wasting money, or a miser who is hoarding it. In either case your lot is a hard one. Consult with someone who knows his temperament and use your knowledge to either shock or shame him out of his selfishness and sin.

CAN THE CHURCH STAND CRITICISM?

An insider looks out on the motives, sources, and false principles from which spring most of the criticisms leveled against the Catholic Church.

C. DUHART

MANY magazine editors find articles of criticism of the Catholic Church, written by members of that Church, irresistible. It seems to matter very little what value the body of the article possesses, so long as it is preceded by a title such as *What's wrong with the Catholic Church?* or *The Catholic Church Needs* or *Why Doesn't the Church* — etc.

Which brings up the question "Can the Catholic Church stand criticism?" Why do Catholics always carry in their hands cudgels to brain the man who would dare breathe a word against their Church?

There is, of course, criticism and criticism. With one type of partisan criticism, most Catholics are very harsh. It is the type which finds it consonant with one's traditions to paint the Catholic Church black and white at the same time. She is exclusive in her membership, yet she is the greatest of proselytizers; she is too strict in her morality, yet she is too lenient in her morality; she enters too much into politics, yet she is too much absorbed in non-worldly, non-political doctrines. When a Catholic hears these charges, or sees the whole nineteen centuries of glorious history of the Catholic Church passed over and some blemish in one of her Popes enlarged into disproportionate importance, the patience of Job would be required to check the flush of indignation which rises to his cheeks.

It is not so much that the Church is afraid of criticism, as that she has seen so little honest criticism that she and her representatives have come to look with suspicious eye upon the objections leveled against her organization and her activity. It is because so many criticisms fail to distinguish between what is divine and therefore above criticism in the Church and what is human and therefore subject to all the faults and flaws that human nature is heir to, that most Catholic apologists treat the charges rather roughly and frequently unsympathetically.

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No reputable editor would dream of asking anyone but a scientist for an authoritative treatise on some scientific topic. Specialists are called upon to write articles in their chosen fields. And even they will be required by honest and honorable editors to verify the facts they incorporate into their writing. Neither plumbers nor baseball stars are called upon to write about the deeper and more delicate niceties of some new work of art, but artists who are deeply steeped in their profession.

But on matters of religion, on intricate theological questions to which some men devote their whole lives, anyone apparently is qualified to speak. For, don't you know, unlearned persons will be perfectly objective and unbiased in their views. They will not be shackled by the cant and formalism of those who have chosen religion and theology for their profession.

So the reasoning goes. For all the professions, except one, training and years of hard application are an asset and qualify a man to be a worthy spokesman. For that one, the field of religion and morals, training and years of nerve-racking and back-breaking application are only an obstacle which disqualify the trained man from speaking of his chosen profession, for his training has rendered him biased.

An article entitled *The Catholic Church Needs*, written by a layman, was recently featured in one of the country's leading intellectual magazines. Without a doubt many suggestions could have been made which would have been of distinct help to the Church in pursuing its worldwide mission. Instead, the usual fault of articles of this type was evident throughout—an indiscriminate mixing up of the divine and human elements in the Church and an attack leveled against one as well as the other.

Attack, for instance, was made against the Catholic Church's condemnation of contraceptive birth control. The critic so far misunderstood the whole question, as to believe that the insistent condemnation of birth control by Catholic ecclesiastics flowed from their lust for power. This conclusion was arrived at by the rather crippled reasoning that the clergy hoped the outlawry of birth control among Catholics would result in a relative increase in the Catholic population. And with the relative increase of the Catholic population, priests would have more subjects upon whom to exercise their tyranny and lust for power.

Of course, the evidence is present for anyone who cares to see

that Catholic authorities condemn the practice of birth control no less among non-Catholic people than among Catholics. For here there is not question of the infringement of a church law, but of divine law, of God's law—a matter with which, even if by way of impossible hypothesis, the Church had a mind to trifle, she could exert no power whatever. The Catholic layman, criticizing his Church, has branched off from that work and begun to ask God what is His idea in making such laws.

How about criticism of the Church? Can the Catholic Church stand criticism? There used to be an old axiom "The King can do no wrong"—an axiom which was false. But there is a similar axiom which is true—"God can do no wrong." And therefore of the divine element in the Church (and there is essentially a divine element in the Church since Christ, the God-Man, founded it and abides with it forever) there can be no criticism.

We do not presume, at least most of us do not presume, to tell God how to run His world. That is, we do not in our sane moments when we remember that God is the Creator and Ruler of the universe and we are His creatures and subjects. There follows from this the fact that the divine element in the Catholic Church, its teaching of doctrines and morals, its constitution with a Pope exercising supreme authority and a hierarchy of bishops and priests, its means of salvation and sanctification, the Mass and the seven Sacraments, are all beyond reach of criticism. When this truth is properly and fully recognized our impatient remonstrance when distinctions between the divine and human elements in the Church are not made, may be understood.

But when Christ founded the Church, He gave His authority to a human being, a human being gifted with infallibility in matters of faith and morals, but a human being who remained subject to weakness and temptation as an individual. When young men are ordained priests, they are gifted with powers which raise them high above their fellow-men, but they still remain human beings, and to them still apply the words of the proverb "It is human to err."

Yes, there are human elements in the Church, human elements which produced some of the great heresies and schisms, and tore away from the parent-trunk of the Church great numbers of her children. And since wherever there is something human there is room for criticism, so is there place for prudent criticism in regard to the human

elements in the Church. But ecclesiastics, though in the majority they will eagerly accept constructive criticism, have as little regard for carping, destructive criticism, unrelieved by the balm of understanding, as any other class of people.

One of the strange facts about the criticism which is leveled against the representatives of the Catholic Church is that it is frequently prompted by motives directly opposed to those which would make it helpful and profitable. To illustrate, no criticism has been so frequently and so constantly directed against the Church and her ministers as that they are intolerant. True, there have probably been cases of a reprehensible intolerance. But the charge would come with the force of a cannon-ball if it were changed to read that Catholics, ecclesiastic and lay, are too tolerant. One might list a thousand cases where tolerance is not a virtue but a vice; another thousand cases where tolerance of intolerable existing evil conditions has led to stagnation and decay.

The greatest heroes among the Catholic clergy have been the most intolerant men. St. Alphonsus Liguori was violently intolerant of a state of affairs in which Naples swarmed with priests while the goat-herds of the mountain-side went without the bread and meat of instruction and the Sacraments. The saintly Curé of Ars might have resigned himself to the thought that nothing could be done for the indifferent, stagnant Catholics of Ars, but who instead made the town of Ars a flaming torch which set ablaze all of France with a new love of God and a new service of the neighbor. St. John Bosco was fiercely intolerant of a condition in which young lads were easily abandoned as incorrigible, and left to the tender mercies of the irreligious, revolutionary movements of the day. In behalf of this type of intolerance the blood-stream of the Catholic clergy and laity could well stand many generous injections.

There is another popular criticism against things and persons Catholic — that they are too ardent proselytizers, lurking under cover for unsuspecting persons to entice and lure them into the Church.

A more telling criticism would be that we Catholics as a whole do not properly appreciate the benefits and advantages of our religion, and are not sufficiently interested in bringing others to share these benefits and advantages. Not that the Church or her ministers should be anxious for political power or the gaining of temporal benefits, but that they should realize how much the world of men stands in need of

the treasures Christ has confided to their keeping.

The way of the world is one of lazy compromise and easy tolerance in matters of religion, and some Catholics make it their own. Perhaps they would never accept in principle the obviously absurd doctrine that "one religion is as good as another," but in practice they certainly have embraced it. Their utter indifference in the matter of making their light shine out through the darkness of unbelief, clearly reveals a lack of interest in bringing others to share the peace and security and dogmatic surety which the Catholic Church alone has to offer.

So if criticism is leveled against what is human in the Catholic Church, let it be offered for the right reasons. There is more criminal tolerance among Catholics than criminal intolerance — and more enervating indifference than excessive zeal.

For the person who really knows something of the Catholic Church, it is really a laughing matter to hear that the Church cannot stand criticism. He knows that the General Councils of the whole Church and the Regional Councils of particular districts have had one principal purpose: that of criticizing and correcting the conduct of the clergy and laity. The Catholic Church has spent the 20 centuries of her existence in criticizing herself — that is, in her human elements. And if anyone would care to know to what an extent that criticism can reach, let him read the history of the proceedings of the Council of Trent.

Catholic Bishops have strict and rigorous accounts of their own personal conduct and the condition of their dioceses to render to the Holy Father the Pope. Priests must render accounts to their Bishops. And it is not seldom that a mite of criticism creeps into the Pope's or the Bishops' reply to their subordinates. The Pope himself, wielding the greatest authority in the world, subjects himself to the sharpest and bitterest criticism each time he goes to confession.

There is room in the Church for constructive criticism from laymen. There is no priest worthy of the name who will repel harshly the layman or lay woman who comes to him with some real and worthwhile suggestions to offer. By the same token, there is no priest worthy of the name who would dream of compromising the essential dogmatic and moral truths of the Catholic Church to please close acquaintances or to ingratiate himself with a congregation priding itself on its so-called progressive rejection of anything resembling an infallible authority. The priest who would so compromise would be not so much a "good

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fellow" nor a "broad-minded liberal" as a traitor like Judas and a murderer of his brethren like Cain.

There is definitely a limit where criticism of the Catholic Church must stop—a door beyond which criticism cannot penetrate, because back of that door are the divine elements of the Church which belong to God's domain and with which no human mind nor human hand may dare to tamper.

It is comical and droll to hear all the threats being made about the Catholic Church's mending her ways, conforming to the loose, hazy doctrines and morals of the day, or else—. Back of the threat is the insinuation that the Church must yield or be destroyed. The threat comes from people who are surrounded by changing and inconstant institutions. The voice of criticism cries out from the tumbling ruins of what men call modern civilization, and commands the Church to conform to the principles and conventions of that decaying civilization.

Strange, isn't it? The Catholic Church has lived on through 2000 years—has seen states, constitutions, conventions, whole civilizations perish, civilizations which demanded submission from her, and she has remained unchanged and unscathed in her essential constitution, doctrines and morals.

Supported by this experience of the centuries, and even more firmly by the promise of Christ, the God-Man "the gates of hell shall not prevail against her" we are convinced, that the Catholic Church will manage to make out as long as men live upon this earth.

The Cross and the Robber

In Wurzburg in Germany there is a crucifix remarkable for the fact that the arms are not stretched out upon the Cross but held out in front of the Body and clasped together. Legend has it that once a Swedish army overran Wurzburg, and a soldier entered the Church to see what he could steal. Attracted by the gold crown on the head of the crucified Christ, he attempted to remove it, but lo! the arms of the Saviour loosened themselves from the cross, embraced the evil-doer, and held him fast. Next morning the people coming into church found the soldier there in Our Lord's arms, with tears of true repentance upon his face.

A writer in an English Catholic paper recently pointed out the fact that the general run of Catholics are far behind non-Catholics in interest in and knowledge of the Bible. A sideglance and a back-glance at average Catholics in the United States immediately confirms the fact here. We sputter indignantly at the long since exploded but still popular charges that Bibles were once chained so that Catholics could not read them, and that Catholics are forbidden to read the Bible today. We point to the fact that on the fly-leaf of every Catholic Bible there is an indulgence officially offered to every Catholic who reads a short section of it every day. We try to publicize the truth that a Catholic can purchase a Bible in any religious article store in any city of the land. Nevertheless the fact remains that many a Catholic would be put to shame if called upon to enter a quiz with non-Catholics about even the more commonly known stories and texts of the Bible.



It is well to remember, of course, that many Protestant Christians are given an incentive for reading the Bible that has no force for Catholics. They are taught that the Bible alone makes their religion; that they must know it and must interpret it themselves if they want to know their religion and save their souls; that there is no other authoritative source of religious truth that they are bound to believe and obey. A conscientious man or woman, taught these things from childhood, will naturally rest heavily upon the Bible and will feel himself bound to know it well. More often than not, as St. Peter forewarned in the Bible itself, they will find things "difficult to understand"; they will be led astray in their interpretations of obscure and mysterious passages; but this much is certain: they will know the Bible and will be able to quote many of its texts and tell its stories by heart.



The Catholic, on the contrary, knows that the Bible of itself is not an adequate and complete source of religious certainty. He knows that if it were intended as such, God would not have permitted three score of years to pass in the history of the religion He revealed before the Bible was even complete, and more years to pass before it was certainly known. (The last written books of the Bible were not complete until after the year 100 A.D.) The Catholic knows that different men, of different centuries, all with the best of intentions, have come to different conclusions about identical texts of the Bible, and that God could never have intended such confusion and conflict in the recognition of truths He Himself revealed. The Catholic knows that the Bible needs an authoritative interpreter established by God to protect truth from the errors that may always be made by fallible human minds. He knows further that in the Bible itself the fact that there is such an interpreter is revealed, and that this authority is divinely protected from making a mistake when it pronounces on the meaning of any passage in the Bible.

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or on religious truths not contained in the Bible. The result of all this is that the Catholic is inclined to look only to the authority of the Church for what he is to believe, and to neglect the Bible.



This is not as it should be. First of all, every Catholic's faith would be stronger if he knew the Bible well and thereby learned how clearly and unmistakably it points to the Church as the final authority in matters of belief and how clearly it manifests most of the dogmas in the catechism. Secondly, it would make it easy for him to lead non-Catholics into the true Church, if he could match their knowledge of the Bible and offer them something more, viz., a correct and reasonable interpretation when, as invariably happens, they are doubtful and confused as to what the inspired words may mean. Thirdly, it would vivify their own spiritual lives, because there is no situation in human life today for which inspired dramatic lessons as to how one should act are not given in the Bible. Just to read the Gospels over and over again, with their innumerable anecdotes of the life and words of Christ, with their oft-repeated maxims and counsels and commands, is to find oneself growing daily in spiritual stature and desire for sanctification. And no one can say that such reading is difficult from the point of view of interest: for the Bible comprises the greatest masterpieces of literature the world has known.



For these reasons the publicity to the recent American translation of the New Testament and the nation-wide efforts to place it in every Catholic home are all to the good. Protestants have their Gideon societies and their Bible societies and a hundred and one other organizations for placing the Bible before people whether they want to read it or not. Catholics can well afford to emulate their zeal in spreading the word of God. The new translation removes what has often been made an argument against reading the Scriptures by ordinary people: that the archaic language and sentence structure made parts of it almost like a foreign language. Most of this has been changed; obscurely phrased sentences have been clarified; uncommon words changed for words that have a meaning for the modern man; and at the same time the sense of the original language in which it was written has been scrupulously maintained. Many no doubt will acquire copies who never had a Bible in the house before. Let us hope that it will be read and conned and studied, until Catholics are ready to quote the Bible as freely as those who know it even though they have no definite and certain religion at all.



Then Catholics will not have to ask questions like the following, nor to muffle the answers when they are asked by non-Catholics: "Is there anything in the Bible about Purgatory?" "How can we prove from the Bible that marriage is a Sacrament and that divorce and re-marriage are wrong?" "Did Christ teach that there is an everlasting hell?" "How can we prove that a priest can forgive sins?"

Catholic Anecdotes

CATECHISM APPLIED

AT THE age of 23 St. Madeleine Sophie Barat was made Superior of the Religious Congregation to which she belonged. Father Varin, who was her spiritual father, has left us an interesting account of how the appointment was made.

He first assembled the little community, and gave them a little sermon on the love of Our Lord. Then he told them that he wished to make sure that they were sufficiently instructed to teach Christian doctrine to the children, and therefore he would ask them some questions on the Catechism. To one he asked questions on the Sacraments, to another on grace, and so on.

Finally he came to Sister Madeleine Sophie.

"You are the youngest," he said to her, "and I must give you the easiest question. Why did God make you?"

"To know Him, to love Him, and to serve Him," she answered.

"What do you mean by serving God?" continued Father Varin.

"Doing His Will. . . ." replied Sister Madeleine, and would have continued, but Father Varin held up his hand.

"To serve God is to do His will, you say. You wish to serve Him?"

"Yes, Father."

"Well, His Will is that you should be superior."

Sister Madeleine fell on her knees and burst into tears, but she could not escape the duty that God was giving her.

HEIRESS

A POOR old woman once gave three francs to a charitable cause, but the person to whom she gave the money at first refused to take it, saying:

"You are poor, and we ought rather to give alms to you than receive them from you."

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But the old woman insisted on giving the alms, saying: "I have no need of alms. Am I not a Christian, and consequently the daughter of a king and heiress of a kingdom?"

CONDITION OF PRAYER

A YOUNG monk once asked the Abbot Moses what a man must do in order to have his prayers heard by God.

"If a man does not truly in his heart," replied the venerable old man, "look upon himself as a sinner, the Lord God will not hear his prayer."

"And who is there who really in his heart considers himself a sinner?" the youth asked.

"He who always looks at his own sins, and never at those of his neighbor," was the reply.

STOP THIEF

A BRAHAM LINCOLN told this story of himself as a young lawyer. A man had been accused of stealing some hogs, and in due time was brought to court for trial. He was too poor to hire a lawyer, so the court offered him the choice of several who were available. The man chose Lincoln.

Taking him into a back room, Lincoln asked the man what defense he wished to make.

"None at all," the man said. "Just jump in and fight them on general principles and clear me as I know you can."

"But," objected Lincoln, "there are half a dozen witnesses who will swear that you stole the hogs."

"Never mind; put me down for not guilty, just pitch in on general principles. I'll be cleared, never fear."

Without much hope of success, Lincoln addressed the jury, and the jurymen retired, only to emerge in a very short time with a verdict of "not guilty."

Afterwards, Lincoln cornered the man and asked him how he had been so certain of acquittal.

"Well, it's like this," the man said. "I stole the hogs all right, but I sold them to the jury members. I knew they wouldn't find me guilty, because then they would have to give up the hogs."

Pointed Paragraphs

Modern Miracles

One of the phenomena of the modern world is the building ability of the Catholic Sisterhoods in the United States. Twenty or fifty years ago a group of five or six Sisters came over to America from Germany or Italy or France, and had no more to their names than the habits they wore on their backs and an all-abiding confidence in God. Today this same group can point with pride to hospitals, academies, colleges and motherhouses that are a glory to our country.

People wonder how all this came about, what kind of magic they employed to accomplish such ends. The expansion of Harvard and Yale; the mushroom growth of hotels and summer resorts; the sudden springing up of political mansions and millionaire palaces — all these are easily explainable. The proprietors and owners had banks full of money at their disposal, to be used as they desired or paid to the government in taxes. They preferred to build rather than to pay.

But with the Sisters it was quite different. They were always poor. And they still are poor. And yet — behold!

Undoubtedly the explanation lies in their trust in Almighty God. When they saw a need in the country, as for example, the education of youth, the caring for the sick, the sheltering of orphans, and so on, they immediately set to work to put into operation the necessary facilities. The first One they went to with their problem was God. They burned vigil lights before the Blessed Sacrament, the Blessed Mother, St. Joseph and any other saint who had the reputation for helping out people in distress. They made novenas. They had the whole community praying.

And of a sudden foundations began to appear; walls began to rise; schools and hospitals and convents began to fill our cities and country places. No one seemed to know exactly how the money came in, but it must have come in, for the buildings are on all sides to be seen by those who will look.

It is all an evident sign of the power of prayer united with self-sacrifice. The Sisters pray, and they sacrifice themselves and all that they have in the service of others. Our Lord listens to that kind of prayer, and He admires that kind of sacrifice. And that is why so often everything that the Sisters touch in some way or another turns to gold.

Decency at Large Again

Catholics (especially) and all other people of common decency will note with interest that the following magazines have reeked of the barnyard on one or more occasions in the course of the past few months. John Toomey in *America* of September 6th has compiled the odorous list.

Colliers, *Poor Man's Garbo*. Glorification of a strip-tease girl. Harper's Bazaar, *A Border Incident*. An implied practicing Catholic, loose in morals.

Reader's Digest, *Don't Have An Abortion*. That is, don't have an abortion by a quack.

McCall's, *Where the Heart Belongs*. Divorce.

New Yorker, *Search Through the Streets of a City*. Impurity.

Scribner's Commentator, *Churchmen and the War*. Against Christianity.

Atlantic Monthly, *The Guilty Ones*. Against historicity of Gospels.

Cosmopolitan, *Temporary Address — Reno: The Long Journey*.

Throws the aura of nobility around suicide.

American Magazine, *Don't Tell Them About Us*. Success story of a divorcee.

This is but a short list of the articles and stories to which any man whether he be Catholic or non-Catholic must take exception. If matters were to be introduced for discussion at the dinner table of the ordinary American home which are discussed in the above mentioned articles and stories, there would be more than one red face amongst the pure, the refined and the decent-minded.

Catholics in fact and in spirit will know what literature to patronize when they stop at the newsstand if the magazines with the large circulation do not get busy and clean house. There is no question of censorship at stake; only a question of morality and decency.

Should Women Sing in Church?

St. Ambrose (5th century) held that it was all right for women to sing in church. He says: "The Apostle commands that women should be silent in church. However, they may sing the Psalms. Every age and sex is capable and fitted for the singing of the Psalms. In this singing old men lay aside the overbearing rigor of old age; the middle aged respond in the cheerfulness of their heart; young men sing them without peril to their still unstable manhood; boys sing them together without fear of lust or the temptation to pleasure. Tender maidens suffer no damage to their becoming modesty; virgins and widows let their rich voices ring out without endangering their chastity."

But Isidore of Pelusion did not agree. Some years later he wrote: "Perhaps women were permitted to sing along with men in the early ages to prevent their gossiping in church. The Apostles and Presbyters of the Church permitted it. But later this permission had to be withdrawn since it was learned that they did not derive any salutary fruits of penance from divine song, but used the sweetness of melody for every kind of disturbance, since they looked on it in exactly the same way as on the music of the theatre."

No one is quite certain why women's voices were eventually excluded from the early Church. One reason given is, the pagans encouraged women to play musical instruments and to sing at worldly functions and profane ceremonies. But many of such musically-minded women were not above reproach. Thus music and badness in women became in some way associated. Another reason adduced is: the heretics of the early days had large women choirs. The church wanted no part with heretical practice; so she forbade women choirs. If women had to sing, they were told to go home and sing to their husbands.

Whatever may have been prescribed, we can be sure that women were not forbidden to raise their voices in song in church because of any inherent inferiority in their voices. There were abuses prevalent that demanded the curtailment of a good thing; and there were dangers that made the law urgent.

In heaven (where there are no abuses and no dangers) women shall be allowed to sing to their heart's content, and that, no matter what cloud they may select for the rendering of their song.

❖ ————— **L I G U O R I A N A** ————— ❖

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

"AND OUR HOPE"

Mary the Hope of Sinners.

In the first chapter of the Book of Genesis we read that God *made two great lights; a greater light to rule the day; and a lesser light to rule the night.* Cardinal Hugo

From:
The Glories
of Mary

says that "Christ is the greater light to rule the just, and Mary is the lesser to rule the sinners;" meaning that the sun is a figure of Jesus Christ, whose light is enjoyed by the just who live in the clear day of divine grace; and that the moon is a figure of Mary, by whose means those who are in the night of sin are enlightened. Since Mary is this auspicious luminary, and is so for the benefit of poor sinners, should anyone have been so unfortunate as to have fallen into the night of sin, what is he to do? Innocent III replies, "Whoever is in the night of sin, let him cast his eyes on the moon, let him implore Mary." Since he has lost the light of the sun of justice by losing the grace of God, let him turn to the moon, and beseech Mary; and she will certainly give him light to see the misery of his state, and strength to leave it without delay. St. Methodius says "that by the prayers of Mary almost innumerable sinners are converted."

One of the titles which is most encouraging to poor sinners, and under which the Church teaches

us to invoke Mary in the Litany of Loretto, is that of "Refuge of Sinners." In Judea in ancient times there were cities of refuge, in which criminals who fled there for protection were exempt from the punishment they had deserved. Nowadays these cities are not so numerous; but there is one, and that is Mary, of whom the Psalmist says *Glorious things are said of thee, O city of God.* But this city differs from the ancient ones in this respect — that in the latter all kinds of criminals did not find refuge, nor was the protection extended to every class of crime; but under the mantle of Mary all sinners, without exception, find refuge for every sin that they may have committed, provided only that they go there to seek for this protection. "I am the city of refuge," says St. John Damascene, in the name of our Queen, "to all who fly to me." And it is sufficient to have recourse to her, for whoever has the good fortune to enter this city need not speak to be saved. *Assemble yourselves, and let us enter into the fenced city, and let us be silent there,* to speak in the words of the prophet Jeremiah. This city, says Blessed Albert the Great, is the most holy Virgin fenced in with grace and glory. "And let us be silent there," that is, continues an interpreter, "because we dare not invoke the Lord, whom we have offended, she will invoke and ask." For, if

we do not presume to ask our Lord to forgive us, it will be sufficient to enter this city and be silent, for Mary will speak and ask all that we require. And for this reason a devout author exhorts all sinners to take refuge under the mantle of Mary, exclaiming, "Fly, O Adam and Eve, and all you their children, who have outraged God; fly and take refuge in the bosom of this good Mother; know you not that she is our only city of refuge?" "the only hope of sinners," as she is also called in a sermon by an ancient writer, found in the works of St. Augustine.

St. Ephrem, addressing the Blessed Virgin, says, "Thou art the only advocate of sinners, and of all who are unprotected." And then he salutes her in the following words: "Hail, refuge and hospital of sinners!" — true refuge, in which alone they can hope for reception and liberty. And an author remarks that this was the meaning of David when he said, *For he hath hidden me in his tabernacle*. And truly what can this tabernacle of God be, unless it is Mary? who is called by St. Germanus "A tabernacle made by God, in which he alone entered to accomplish the great work of the redemption of man."

St. Basil of Seleucia remarks, "that if God granted to some who were only His servants such power, that not only their touch but even their shadows healed the sick, who were placed for this purpose in the public streets, how

much greater power must we suppose that He has granted to her who was not only His handmaid but His Mother?" We may indeed say that our Lord has given us Mary as a public infirmary, in which all who are sick, poor, and destitute can be received. But now I ask, in hospitals erected expressly for the poor, who have the greatest claim to admission? Certainly the most infirm, and those who are in the greatest need.

And for this reason should anyone find himself devoid of merit and overwhelmed with spiritual infirmities, that is to say, sin, he can thus address Mary: O Lady, thou art the refuge of the sick poor; reject me not; for as I am the poorest and the most infirm of all, I have the greatest right to be welcomed by thee.

Let us, then, cry out with St. Thomas of Villanova, "O Mary, we poor sinners know no other refuge than thee, for thou art our only hope, and on thee we rely for our salvation." Thou art our only advocate with Jesus Christ; to thee we all turn ourselves.

"And who, O Lady, can be without confidence in thee, since thou assistest even those who are in despair? And I doubt not, that whenever we have recourse to thee, we shall obtain all that we desire. Let him, then, who is without hope, hope in thee."



An act of charity performed towards a neighbor will be accepted by Jesus Christ as done to Himself.

New Books and Old

One hates to make any disparaging remarks about such a magnificent and moving novel as A. J. Cronin's *Keys of the Kingdom* (Little, Brown, \$2.50), but at least I will reserve

them until the end of my piece, and speak first of its many perfections. When a book sells 250,000 copies even before it is published, this fact shows that the author certainly has popularity, if not merit. In this case, we believe it is a sign of both. Those who read Dr. Cronin's previous novel *The Citadel* (and if you didn't, you ought to) will remember that it dealt with the crises in the life of a doctor. *The Keys of the Kingdom* takes up the life of a priest and treats it in like fashion. It opens (after a brief Prologue) with the boyhood of Francis Chisholm in a small town on the Scottish coast. The tragic death of his father and mother is followed by a period of great suffering until his rescue by Aunt Polly, who resembles Dickens' redoubtable Betsy Trotwood. After a few years, Aunt Polly packs Francis off to Holywell Seminary to study for the priesthood. Francis is not at all sure that he wants to be a priest, especially since he loves his half-cousin, Nora. But when Nora dies under unfortunate circumstances, he wholeheartedly enters upon his vocation. Some rather peculiar incidents in the Seminary give him the reputation of being unstable, but in reality his is a beautiful and unselfish soul. After some years in parish life, where his zeal and total lack of hypocrisy get him into repeated difficulties, he at last finds his real lifework in an obscure little mission in the interior of China. Here his soul is tried by one catastrophe after another—and by a cross much harder to bear: misunderstanding on the part of those around him. Three nuns come from Europe to assist him at the Mission, and some of the most moving passages in the book are those describing interviews between Father Chisholm and Sister Marie Veron-

A column of comment on new books just appearing and old books that still live. THE LIGUORIAN offers its services to obtain books of any kind for any reader, whether they are mentioned here or not.

ica, between whom a great antipathy arises. The story rises to one climax after another, and each climax is handled more superbly than the last. Dr. Cronin's characters and situations are *real*, and

his instinct for words is amazing. We understand clearly at the end of the novel the lesson of Father Chisholm's life—that the *Keys of the Kingdom* are humility and tolerance. But it would not be right for us to pass over the fact that Dr. Cronin in some phrases and passages gives an unwarranted extension to the meaning of tolerance. It is true that tolerance is an essential part of charity, but Dr. Cronin is a Catholic and should realize that tolerance must not be confused with religious indifference. When he makes Father Chisholm say that "creed is after all unimportant since it is such an accident of birth," he cuts the ground from beneath Father Chisholm's own missionary endeavors. What is the use of converting anyone to Christianity and Catholicism, if the Catholic Church is only one of a number of equally good roads to the kingdom of heaven? I do not think that Dr. Cronin really believes this (or he could not be a Catholic), but some of the passages in the book certainly leave the impression that he does. For that reason we wish that he had seen fit to submit his work of art to someone who could have advised him in these matters.

Those who are just taking up the reading of Scripture often times find the Epistles of St. Paul rather more difficult to understand than the other inspired books. They need not feel ashamed of this, because St. Peter himself confessed that in the epistles of "our dear brother Paul" are "certain things hard to be understood." But where they would be making a mistake would be in letting the matter rest there, without taking any further pains to penetrate beneath the surface of the glowing sentences of the

Apostle of the Gentiles. It is a safe wager that anyone who does begin to enter into the real spirit of St. Paul will soon be completely won over, as have been so many others, by his vibrant personality and sensitiveness to all the moods of the human heart, joined with a naturally keen and divinely inspired spiritual vision. *The Bond of Perfection* by Sister Mary Agnes, S.N.D. (Pustet, \$1.50, pp. 153), seeks to give a fuller interpretation of St. Paul's oft-quoted texts on the virtue of charity. The author takes each separate text and embodies it in a meditation, examining it in all its various meanings and applications. She does not enter into the historical background of the passages chosen (except incidentally), for this is primarily a spiritual book, but she shows deep insight into the rich meaning with which each single text is packed. The meditations are of varying length, and there are many practical suggestions for the spiritual life contained throughout. We recommend the book highly to those who are in the habit of making meditation, for in these meditations on charity will be found "the whole law and the prophets."

Priests who find it difficult to preach to children should find much to help them in *Heavenwords*, a series of instructional stories in religion by Rev. Wilfrid J. Diamond (Bruce, \$1.50, pp. 112). There is hardly a more difficult and at the same time more important work than breaking up the bread of God's truth into pieces that can be assimilated by God's little ones. Everything which finds its way into their developing minds is bound to have a tremendous influence on their way of thinking and on their later lives. Father Diamond chooses the best way of approach to the child—through concrete details and stories. Every sermon in this volume is interwoven with an anecdote, and the moral lesson is made to stand out naturally from the setting in which it is placed. The general keynote of the sermons is the building of an image of Christ in our souls, and the author treats in turn of the materials, the tools, and the forces which lie in wait to destroy our work. Then the motives for building in our souls the image of Christ are touched upon, and under this heading we have a consideration of the four last things. Finally, a few sermons on our

co-workers are given: God Himself, the Sacred Heart, and the Blessed Virgin Mary. Jumping from the pulpit to the classroom, if you are finding it difficult to explain the Eucharist to the children in your Catechism classes, you would probably be helped by *Honey From The Rock*, a beautiful little pamphlet published by the Catechetical Guild at St. Paul, Minn. It purports to be a presentation of the "symbols of the Holy Eucharist, in design and text," and was prepared by Larry E. Wallace and M. L. Wallace. The familiar symbols of the Eucharist—the basket of loaves, the fish, the lamb, the grapes, the peacock, the thirsty stag—all these are artistically drawn and explained, and there is a little essay on the purpose of symbolism in the Church. The price of this pamphlet is 25c, with discounts for large orders.

For those engaged in convert-making we recommend the constantly growing list of publications of Fathers Rumble and Carty, authors of the famous *Radio Replies*. We have before us several pamphlets recently sent to us for review. *The Mosaic Manifesto* (10c) is a simple explanation of the ten commandments for children and converts. *The Unavoidable God* (10c) discusses the proofs for the existence of God. *A Correspondence Course in Catholic Doctrine* is a series of letters on Catholic beliefs addressed to a hypothetical man in the world. From the ever busy Catholic Action Committee of Wichita, Kansas, comes a number of attractive *Catholic Action Leaflets*. There are two series, on Sacramentals and on Prayers, and each leaflet describes a particular Sacramental, such as the Sign of the Cross, or a particular prayer, such as the Hail Mary.

Book Notes on the Cuff:

Some excellent articles on current novels have been appearing at irregular intervals in the Sign magazine from the pen of Father J. S. Kennedy. For those who try to follow the devious course set by novel writers these articles should be most interesting. In the September issue of the Sign, Father Kennedy treats of a group of new novelists.

If any of your friends try to belittle Charles Dickens by saying that nobody reads him any more, just mention casually that during 1938 and 1939 more than 12 million copies of his books were sold. That should hold them for a while.

Lucid Intervals

"Who's calling?" was the answer to the telephone.

"Watt."

"What is your name, please?"

"Watt's my name."

"That's what I asked you. What's your name?"

"That's what I told you. Watt's my name."

A long pause, and then, from Watt, "Is this James Brown?"

"No, this is Knott."

"Please tell me your name."

"Will Knott."

Whereupon they both hung up.

"Waiter, have you forgotten me?"

"Oh, no, sir, you are the stuffed calf's head."

"Excuse me," said the detective as he presented himself at the door of the music academy, "but I hope you'll give me what information you have, and not make any fuss."

"What do you mean?" was the indignant inquiry.

"Why, you see, we got a tip from the house next door that somebody was murdering Wagner, and the chief sent me down here to work on the case."

"What's that prima donna angry about?"

"Oh, some well-meaning critic said she sang like a siren. The only siren she knows anything about is the whistle they use on a steamboat."

A commercial traveler, on leaving a certain hotel, said to the proprietor: "Pardon me, but with what material do you stuff the beds in your establishment?"

"Why," said the landlord, proudly, "with the best straw to be found in the whole country!"

"That," returned the traveler, "is very interesting. I now know whence the straw came that broke the camel's back."

Husband (after the theater): "But, dear, what did you object to?"

Wife: "Why, the idea of you bellowing 'Author! Author!' at a Shakespearian drama!"

A wager was laid that it was a Yankee peculiarity to answer one question by another. To sustain the assertion a down-Easter was interrogated. "I want you," said the bettor, "to give me a straightforward answer to a plain question."

"I kin do it, mister," said the Yankee.

"Then why is it that New Englanders always answer a question by asking one?"

"Du they?" was the Yankee reply.

Customer (viciously attacking a piece of chicken): "This must be an incubator chicken."

Waiter: "Why?"

Customer: "No chicken with a mother could be so tough."

A professor, while tramping through a field, found himself confronted by an angry bull. Wishing only to pass and not to offend the beast, the professor said, "My friend, you are my superior in strength, and I am your superior in mind, and so, being so equally gifted, let us arbitrate the matter."

"Oh, no," replied the bull. "Let's toss for it."

The professor lost.

Writer: "How much board will you charge me for a few weeks while I gather material for my new country novel?"

Hiram: "Five dollars a week unless we have to talk dialect. That's \$3 extra."

An up-and-coming business man tried to read Shakespeare. After struggling with a page for an hour he submitted it to his secretary, with the anxious question:

"What do you make of that?"

"Not a blamed thing," said the secretary.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the business man. "I thought I was going mad!"

Diner: "Waiter, I was here yesterday and had a steak."

Waiter: "Yes, sir; will you have the same today?"

Diner: "Well, I might as well, if no one else is using it."